Beaver & Gephart

# Bellefonte Republican.

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Established in 1869. | "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. | Terms: $1 50 per Year

Mrs. Parnell does her husbands typewriting. She knows his weak spot and dosen't propose to take any chances.

Oh no, the Ohio republicans are not enthusiastically supporting McKinley; it is a pertinent sign of republican disaffection that 30,000 of them turned out to hear their candidate speak at his opening meeting.

Famine is stalking through a portion of our sister republic, Mexico, and the customs duties for the State of Chihuahua have been suspended, inorder to cheapen the cost of breadstuffs from the United States.

If Secretary proctor, who has been appointed to serve out the unexpired term created by the resignation of Senator Edmunds, makes as good a Senator as he has a cabinet officer, Vermont will have no cause to complain.

The President's tour in the East although much shorter than that through the South and West last Spring, is just as great a success. Everywhere he is enthusiastically met by the people, and everywhere he has something to say appropriate to the place and the occasion.

The Southern democratic leaders and the Farmers Alliance are not on very loving terms just now, but that will not prevent the members of the Alliance, in the Southern States from voting the democratic ticket, as usual. We have no hesitation in making the prediction that not a single county in a Southern State will be carried for a third party national ticket next year.

Everybody who is old enough to remember war times remembers the quaint expression. "I fights mit Sigel," which was originated by one of Sigels German soldiers Since the war. Gen. Sigel has resided in New York, but he is going to Fort Madison, Iowa, where he has been selected to deliver an oration at the German Day celebration, on October 6, to meet such of the men who fought "mit Sigel" as may be in that section.

The Prince of Wales is claiming the credit for having indirectly rendered great assistance to the Jews in Russia, as well as to the poverty stricken Jewish exiles from that country, by lending his moral support to certain Jewish committees in England. Well, the Jews have been rendering great assistance to the Prince of Wales for lo these many years, by lending him their hard cash, and it is only right that he should show his gratitude for favors received.

It seemf that Secretary Foster and Hon. John W. Foster, of Indiana, who is at present looking after reciprocity matters for the State department, are being continually mixed up in the news-papers, and one credited for what the other is doing and vice versa. It is fortunate with both gentlemen that both of them should occupy such high places in public estimation as to make it certain that his mixing up process will never cause either of them to feel ashamed of the other.

If it be wrong for merchants and manufacturers to form trusts to raise the price of certain articles, is it right for farmers to do the same thing? Inasmuch as the farmer has been pretty extensively held by the trusts of various sorts he is hardly to be blamed for getting his revenge when he gets the opportunity; but that does not change the principle of the thing. If it is wrong for one set of men to form trusts it is equally wrong for another set to do so, no matter what objects are in view.

England and Canada will howl worse than ever when the worst "favor notion" treaty which has existed for some years with Spain, and which has given to England and Canada the cream of the Cuban trade, is abrogated, as notice has been given by the Spanish government that it will be July 1, 1892. It will not add to John Bulls comfort to know that the transfer of the bulk of his Cuban trade to the United States is the direct result of the reciprocity clause of the McKinley tariff law.

It is probable Judging from reports at hand, that the August business in the United states was the largest ever done in that month, and it is highly gratifying to know that the increase has been general and extends to all branches of trade and industry. These facts are proving to be the ablest missionaries for the republican party, and its principles, that ever took the field. Facts are always knock down arguments, and you cannot make a man believe when he is prospering as never before that it is wise to put the control of the Government in the hands of a party which would reverse all of the laws affecting the great industrial interests in the country.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 1891.

The President has sent no word to the White House as to when he will return to Washington and the impression is that he will not beak to remain until October, although it is possible that he may come here for a day or two during this week ornext, or he may conclude to send for such members of the cabinet as he may wish to consult to visit him at Cape May Point. It will be quite impossible for Mrs. Harrison to live in the White house in any comfort for some weeks, owing to the presence of a large force of workmen there making repairs and improvements.

A gentleman who saw the President and talked with him last week in Vermont said regarding the appointment of a successor to Secretary Proctor: "I am satisfied that Mr. Harrison has not decided upon the man he wishes to have for Secretary of War in place of Mr. Proctor, and that he will take his time in considering the merits of all the gentlemen whom he may think available and I think it but fair that he should be allowed to do this without having the claims of this or that man or section thrust upon him in an offensive manner. Who can possibly be more interested in selecting just the right man than Mr. Harrison? Many names have been mentioned in connection with the place and some of them are entirely good enough for this or any other position but you may rely upon it that so far it is nothing but guess work, although, of course, I will not undertake to say that it may not turn out that one of the guessers struck the right name."

It is amusing to observe the scramble which the vacancy in the board of Inter State Commerce Commissioners, caused by the death of W. L. Bragg, of Alabama, has brought about among the democrats. The place is worth $7,500 a year, and it must be filled by a democrat, but the trouble is that there are fifty of them who wish to fill it. Each of the Alabama Senators has a candidate and Representative Herbert of the same State is perfectly willing to resign his seat in Congress if Mr. Harrison will give him the vacancy. Ex-Congressman Hammond, of Georgia, would also like to draw that $7,500 per annum. Texas has two candidates—ex-Senator Reagan, who was practically compelled to leave the Senate and take the head of the Texas State railroad commission, and who is extremely anxious to get back to Washington to live, and Representative Culbertson, who is willing to give up not only his seat in the House, but his hope of a seat in the Senate. Mr. Almerion Gillett, of Kansas, thinks the vacant chair would just about fit him. Ex-Attorney-General Garland, of Arkansas, is willing to sacrifice his law practice for a regular monthly salary, and Gen. E. S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, a namesake of the deceased commissioner, but no relation thinks it would be well to avoid a change of name.

The Illinois Republican Association of Washington will go to the battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa., September 3, where they will meet a distinguished party from Illinois, including the Governor and State officers. The three monuments erected by Illinois on the battlefield will be presented to the State by Gen. J. L. Beveridge and accepted by Gov. Fifer. Afterwards the whole party will return to Washington.

Saturday night a public reception was given to the returning members of the Union Veterans Union and to Gen. S. S. Yoder, the newly elected Grand Commander of the Union, which has decided to hold its next year's meeting here at the same time that the G. A. R. National Encampment is held.

Representative Springer, of Illinois, is credited with maintaining the most active literary bureau of any of the candidates for Speaker. He believes in the power of the press and has in his employ a number of experienced writers who are kept busy preparing articles showing the peculiar fitness of Mr. Springer for the position. These articles have mostly appeared in the democratic papers of Illinois, as the policy of Mr. Springer is to show the democratic members of the next House how the press of his own State regard his candidacy. The only hope of Mr. Springer to come in even speaking distance of the nomination is that Mills and Crisp may knife each other so effectually as to compel the withdrawal of both.

### That Frightful Disaster in New York.

No one can appreciate the horrors of the recent Park Place disaster in New York, which involved the loss of nearly a hundred lives, without looking at the graphic picturs of the affair printed in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY this week. In its suddenness, its mysterious character, and the awful loss of life it involved, it is one of the most remarkable calamities of modern times. The People's Baths, of New York, the annual encampment of the Sons of Veterans, adventures in Alaska, street scenes in Chicago, the trials and pleasures of the city business man who summers in the country, are all illustrated in LESLIE'S WEEKLY this week. Price, ten cents. Get it of your newsdealer, in English or German.

### The Republican Rainmaker.

Gen. Dyrenfort, the Republican rainmaker, has about concluded his series of very successful experiments on the Chicago ranch, near Midland, Tex., and his services are in great demaud. Large delegations of prominent citizens from San Antonio, El Paso and many other points are urging the General to visit their localities and call down upon their parched grounds and crops the fructifying Republican showers. Aside from the refreshing rain which follows these rain making demonstrations, there are pyrotechnic displays which are gorgeously grand. The explosions of the oxhydrogen balloons during the moonlight evenings of the past week have formed spectacles of rare beauty which would have been measurable intensified had the nights been dark. The balloon having reached the elevation of one thousands to eight thousand feet; the electrical button is touched, and it is instantly transformed into a brilliant globe of fire, which swells to monstrous proportions, casting a wavy flash of light over every object within a radius of several miles, and then after a few moments of darkness intensifiee by contrast with the sudden light, the tremendous crash of the explosion come rolling on, and makes the ground tremble by its concussion.

## WASHING PAPER MONEY.

From the Chicago News

Have you ever washed filthy lucre? I never heard of such a thing until recently when I happened to be making a social call at the home of a well known physician in this city. Pausing a moment at the open door of his office to give him a friendly greeting, I noticed a row of "greenbacks" hanging on a string that was stretched from the washstand to the chimney piece. 'I am just washing some money," he said. "Have you ever seen it done? I do it because I get money from all kinds of people and it is often so horridly dirty that I know it is a breeding place for microbes, so I wash every grimy and ragged bill that comes to me. Give me one of yours and I will show you."

With some misgiving I handed him a $10 bill, which was excessively dilapidated. The physician lathered its face generously with soap, and began a vigorous rubbing. Then rinsing it off in cold water he squeezed it dry, and, smoothed it out again, hung it in the warm sunshine. To my surprise in a few moments it stiffened itself up and became a clean, crisp new, self-respecting product of the United States Treasury instead of the limp disgrace that I had been parrying about in my pocketbook. If you don't believe that this is true, try it.

### Ready to Invade the Indian Lands.

The town of Guthrie, Okla., is overrun with people recent information concerning the opening of the Indian lands having brought them there from all parts of the United States. The boomers are arriving in wagons of all description, and all are headed which are expected to be thrown open for settlement in a short time by a proclamation by the President. Every conceivable specimen of humanity has put in an appearance, and the gambler and missionary elbow each other, equally anxious to be among the first when the order for invasion is proclaimed. Some have gone so far as to build flatboats with which to cross the streams, while others have houses on wheels, stocked with provisions, ready to move at a moment's notice. On a line extending from the Cimmaron to the South Canadian, a distance of about 60 miles, there are more than 1,000 homeless people encamped, anxiously awaiting the President's proclamation. The Southern negro, Northern white, and the red Indian mix under the United States Marshal's surveillance unconcernedly, but when the order to move is given there will undoubtedly be trouble.

### Militia Men to Shoot.

MT. GRETNA, Pa., August 29.—Superintendent O'Neill, of the state arsenal, has completed the arrangements for the rifle match at Mt. Gretna, beginning next Monday and lasting for a week. Colonel Osthaus general inspector of rifle practice; Major Bobb, ordinance officer of the Third brigade, and a detail of the Fifth regiment in command of Lieutenant J. F. Kerr, inspector of rifle practice, have arrived here.

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.") at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. 35-1y.

### A Baltimore Belle Captures a Noble Lord.

A SENSATION IN FASHIONABLE CIRCLES IN SARATOGA.

Among the arrivals at one of the hotels yesterday in Saratoga were two stylishly dressed and beautiful young girls accompanied by an elderly lady and three servants. They registered from Baltimore, and it was learned that they were reigning belles in that city. The eldest sister had just entered her twentieth year. Her friends tendered her a delightful reception and she was the recipient of many unique and costly gifts.

Her finance arrived upon the brilliant scene driving a pair of perfectly matched cream-colored ponies, handling cream-colored reins with gold buckles, and attached to a cream-colored dog-cart with gold trimmings elaborately mounted. These he presented to the lady of his choice; and at an early hour the following day the chief designer of *The New York and Paris Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar* received a message from the ladies to produce within the next five days four pale-cream India silk dresses of the same tint as that of the gold-tipped dog-cart. The proprietor of *The New York and Paris Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar* will spare no pains to make these natty driving costumes the most showy and gorgeous of the season. The design which struck their fancy was that shown in Fig. 5 of the September number of *The New York and Paris Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar*. But where that dress is designed in pink, their dresses are to be finished in pale ecru. The frill on the sleeves of Fig. 5 will be jauntily looped up with real pearls set in gold buckles. The September number, containing this magnificent design, is now for sale at all newsstands. Price 25 cents.

### The Ladi s' Home Journa'.

There is always a freshness about *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and a perfect knowledge displayed of woman's best wants at every season of the year. That so many thousands of women should find it the best magazine published in their interests, is not strange. The Journal is wide-awake; it employs the best pens; it understands what women want, and it is never weak; it has a way of entering right into the daily life of a woman, and appeals to her every mood, every joy and every perplexity. It is the best authority on everything appertaining to women to-day, and its September number gives evidence that it is getting stronger with each issue. Its regular salaried Editors now number sixteen, and include Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, Maria Parloa, Margaret Bottome, president of "The King's Daughters"; Mrs. Isabel A Mallon, undoubtedly the best fashion writer in America; Eben E. Rexford, Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, Maude Haywood, Foster Coates, Kate Tannatt Woods, Kate Upson Clarke, Emma M. Hooper, with Edward W. Bok as Editor-in-chief. Such names are, in themselves, a sufficient guarantee that the Journal is of worth and strength. For one dollar it is sent to any address, for an entire year, by the Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, who conduct the Journal.

### Why Some Farmers Fail.

The *Rural Critic* says: He buys $500 worth of machines to reap a $100 crop, and hires two extra men to work the machines. He is apt to lust after store clothes and linen collars. He is friendly to book agents, organ grinders and clap-trap newspapers. He pays his poll tax instead of holding down the highway fence for a day. He sends his sons to expensive colleges so that they can get a clerkship in the city. He spends money enough for whiskey and tobacco annually to clothe his family for a year. He goes to the village store and talks tariff on potatoes, while his own succumb through negligence. Once in a while he tries to get a dollar's worth for 75 cents, but the sharper keeps the dollar's worth and takes the 75 cents for storage. He then fails and says farming doesn't pay. Farming often pays, but farmers don't.

### Conscientious Criminal.

An exchange states that twenty-four years ago, Samuel S. Hull stabbed to death Conductor Charles Parker, of the Johnstown accommadation, in a fight at Ninevah. He was promptly arrested and as promptly tried and convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to ten years in the Western penitentiary and to pay a fine of 6¼ cents. He was taken to the pen, served his sentence and released, after which he returned to his home where he has since lived undisturbed. Friday last in talking about the matter and the circumstances, it occurred to him that he had not paid the fine, and Saturday last he boarded the train and went to liquidate the indebtedness, which owing to its being a half holiday and observed by all the court house officials, he could not do. He however, left the money with his attorney to pay and take the county's receipt for it on Monday.

### Natural Gas at Queens Run.

It is reported and seems to be true that natural gas has been discovered at Queen's Run, on the property of the fire brick company, and there is consequently some excitement among our capitalists and a good deal of interest is manifested by the community in general. Large tracts of territory have already been purchased, and the fellows with the sheckles would about as soon not have had anything said about the discovery until the land had all been gobbled up. But if the gas exists in quantity and is likely to prove a paying thing every man should have a chance to put in his little oar. If the report be eventually confirmed, we shall be likely soon to have cheap light and fuel in Lock Haven and a nice fat boom for the city.—L. H. *Democrat*.

If the paper had stated that natural gas had been discovered in Lock Haven it would have been no surprise.

### A Big Wheat Market.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., August 27.—By an arrangement made yesterday with the Messrs. Walsh, Hannon and Slotten, railroad commissioners of North Dakota, this city will become one of the greatest hard wheat markets in the world. Heretofore the wheat received and shipped from here has been subject to the Duluth board of trade and quoted as part of the Duluth stock. In a conference here yesterday arrangements were concluded to place on an active footing the West Superior board of trade to establish wheat grades in compliance with North Dakota inspection laws, and in return the commissioners gave assurance that all exports of wheat will be shipped here for market. President Hill, of the Great Northern, agrees to put his elevators, with a capacity of 4,000,000 bushels, under the new inspection, and Sawyer who has elevators of 4,500 ton capacity here, will do the same thing.

### The Perfect Women.

The New York *Record* is an able newspaper and all that, but it carries presumption too far when it informs its readers that a woman five feet three inches tall should weigh 130 pounds, and measure 24 inches around the waist, 31 inches around the chest, eight inches around the forearm and so on. Why should she do all these things? Whence comes this rule? Is it, then that a woman of five feet three, who has a 22-inch waist and weighs but 120 pounds, may not be beautiful, healthy, strong, and well formed? Shall the lover go around with calipers and tape line to choose a wife? Shall the girl with the 22-inch waist be expected to diet so as to gain the other two inches, or shall the young lady with a plump forearm undego medical treatment to shrink to eight inches in diameter? There is a deal of nonsense about this perfect woman. As well attempt to define a perfect rose or a perfect landscape. The woman of five feet three inches, or any other hight, is a model woman when she possesses a good constitution, keeps herself in health, and is satisfied with the figure nature gave her.

### A New Court House.

The democratic press of the county are trying to make it appear that the action of the Court last week in in dicting the county commissioners was done as a means of forcing them into the building of a new court house. Now we don't pretend to know whether or not this was the object in view, but one thing we do know and that is that, though a new court house is not necessary, more room and considerable repair to the old one is. During the recent heavy rain the roof leaked and the water came down through the ceiling into the court room in two streams. Of course no one will question the fact of the leaks needing closing up. Therefore please fix the court house if we can't have a new one.

### Get Registered.

Thursday, of this week, the third day of September, is the last day of the final extra assessment of voters under the new law passed at the last session of the legislature. On that day and the day preceding, every assessor is required to be at the polling place of his district from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., and from six to 9 p. m., to correct his list of those who are entitled to vote. In order to get your name on the list of those entitled to vote you must go in person to apply for it.

### A Strange Coincidence.

A strange coincidence with the death of Mr. Wolfe is reported. His little girl, aged about 8 years, was playing in the yard during the afternoon and was seen jumping up as if startled by something, exclaiming: "Something has happened. I know it," She would not be pacified. Shortly after Mrs. Shorkley, a relative of the Wolfe family came in and announced the death of Mr. Wolfe.

## HAS BALMACEDA FLED.

ONE CROWD SAYS HE HAS AND THE OTHER SAYS HE HASN'T

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 30.—The following dispatch, dated Valpararisо, August 26, has been received at the navy department from Rear Admiral Brown:

The insurgents have possession of Valparaiso. It was taken yesterday morning after a sanguinary engagement. The government had the advantage of good position, but displayed bad generalship and its troops were disaffected. Insurgent ship were not present. Ports not engaged. Lynch, with three second-class torpedo boats, captured. The foreign admirals demanded guarantee in protecting the lives and property of foreign subjects. I have 100 men at the consulate. Many refugees on board. Provisional present here.

The following dispatch was received this afternoon by Mr. Montt, one of the congressional envoys:

IQUIQUE, August 30.—Don Pedro Montt, Washington: The Junta of the congressional government is en route for Santiago to-day. (Signed.) ERRAZURIS.

### Senator Washburn's Opinion.

CHICAGO, August 31.—Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, thinks there has been a conspiracy of defamation to drive Secretary of State Blaine from the presidential field. The Senator is on his way home after a long tour of Europe. "A deliberate attempt was made," said the Senator this afternoon in an interview, "to convince the world that his health was broken and that his brilliant mind had failed. They are trying to ruin Blaine's reputation, not only in this country, but also in Europe. It is a noticeable fact that all the attacks on Blaine are printed at length in all the English papers. Before I sailed I saw Blaine, at Washington. He told me that he was in most excellent health. When I read these stories in the English papers I at first paid no attention. Coming back from Cape North I got a copy of the London Times at Dontheim. The first thing I saw was a flaming dispatch from Bar Harbor, announcing that Blaine was dying. I cabled Senator Hale and got a reply that Blaine was steadily improving, but I was scared—and so were all the Americans in Europe."

### The President at Work Again.

CAPE MAY POINT, N. J., August 31—The president backed down to business again to-day, disposing of number of pardon cases and signing commissions for postoffice and other appointees. This morning Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Dimmick will start to New York, occupying the Pullman palace car Idlewood, which brought the President from New York on Saturday. They will be accompanied by George Wilbur, of the Pennsylvania railroad, and his wife. They will go to meet Mrs. Russell Harrison and Mrs. McKee, who are to arrive from Europe on the steamer Majestic. Secretary Rusk, accompanied by his chief clerk, arrived tonight and is the guest of the President. He is here on department business.

### Not a Bone Unbroken.

DETROIT, August 10.—Professor Hogan, the balloonist at the exposition grounds, fell from his balloon and was killed at 5.30 o'clock this afternoon. He had ascended to a height of nearly a mile and was preparing to cut loose with his parachute, when he lost his hold and fell to the ground, striking without the exposition boundaries. When picked up he was a shapeless mass, mangled beyond recognition. The catastrophe was witnessed by about 30,000 people. Not a bone in his body escaped breakage, and his head especially was horribly mangled The victim was a brother of Hogan, who made an ascension in Campbell's air ship in New York some years ago and never returned.

### Fined Twenty Dollars.

On Monday James H. McCord, of Rush township, who was summoned to serve as a juror, entered the jury box in a bad state of intoxication. When the court discovered the fact Mr. McCord was called forward and fined twenty dollars and committed to jail until the fine be paid. Not having the necessary amount at hand he was escorted up on the hill and there he now languishes contemplating this his first experience as a juryman in Bellefonte.

### Death of Carl Crider.

Carl Crider, aged about 20, the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider, died on Sunday at noon at the home of his parents on Linn street in this place. For some time Carl has been a sufferer from an affection of the lungs and the disease was aggravated by a severe cold contracted some time ago while away at school, since which time he has been constantly confined to his bed. The funeral will occur on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock.

# SOME THUNDER MYTHS.

## CURIOUS BELIEFS PREVAIL AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

**Strange Legends About the Thunder Bird and the Storm God—Waukheon and Unk-ha-te—Lightning Supposed to be Fiery Serpents.**

The almost universal belief prevails among the North American Indians that thunder is a bird. A large bird starts the rumbling and a number of smaller birds keep it up; hence the long duration of the thunder-peals. The Dacotahs say that the young birds, or thunders, do the mischief, and are like the young men who will not listen to the words of wisdom. The old thunder does not kill anybody and is perfectly harmless. He is actually supposed to have been shot in Dakota, and his footprints are seen in the rocks twenty-five miles apart in a place near the source of the St. Peter's called Thunder-tracks.

The Sioux Indians have very fanciful ideas concerning thunder. They believe that a thunder-storm is a struggle between Unk-ta-he, the god of the waters, and Waukheon, the thunder-bird, for the command of their nation. The following story is related by one of the oldest men in the tribe, who was revered as a medicine man of great powers: "Unk-ta-he is as powerful as the thunder-bird, Waukheon. Each wants to be the greatest god of the Dacotahs, and they have had many battles. My father was a great medicine man; he was killed many years ago and his spirit wandered about the earth. The thunder-bird wanted him and Unk-ta-he wanted him, for they said he would make a wonderful medicine man. Some of the sons of Unk-ta-he fought against the sons of the thunder-bird. The young thunder-birds were killed, and then Unk-ta-he took the spirit of my father to teach him many mysterious things."

The Dacotah tribes likewise believe in a giant called Haokah, who possesses superhuman powers. He is an odd-looking man, dressed in many colors, and wears horns or a forked hat, which is supposed to represent the lightning. His face is red on one side and blue on the other, and his eyes are of different colors. He always carries a bow and arrow in his hand, but never uses them, "as one look would kill any animal he wanted." His manifestations were fourfold, and one of the four winds was the drumstick he used to produce the thunder, which he would take in his hands and hurl to the ground.

The Chippewas represent thunder brandishing a rattlesnake, the symbol of the electric flash, and sometimes they call him the northwest wind, which usually brings the thunder-storm in the region they inhabit.

The Passamaquoddies believe that the great bird down South, which the thunders are ever pursuing, is Wuchowsen, that is, the Wind-Blower. They believe that this bird sits upon a great rock at the end of the sky, and whenever he moves his wings the wind blows, hence his name. When Goosekap was among men he would often go out in his canoe and kill seafowl with his bow and arrows.

It seems to be a very widely spread myth that the thunder is the flapping of the wings of a giant bird, and the lightning the flashes of its eyes. There is a strange resemblance between these legends and the story of Rip Van Winkle, the distant sound of the nine-pins resembling low-muttered thunder. The hospitable entertainment he received among the gnomes likewise recalls the kind treatment experienced by the Passamaquoddy Indians in the Thunder Land.

Among the Canadian Indians the dark storm-cloud is also supposed to be a great bird, and the lightnings are regarded as writhing worms or serpents in the back. These fiery serpents are believed in to this day, and the thunder is the noise of their hissing.

Among the Algonquin traditions Michabo had a great conflict with the shining prince of serpents, who lives in the lake and floods the earth with its waters. He destroyed him with a dart and, clothing himself in the skin of his foe, he drove the rest of the serpents to the South, "where in that latitude the lightnings are last seen in the autumn." Michabo not only overcame the prince of serpents, but became master of the thunder and lightning, with which he destroys his enemies.

The Iroquois tribes tell of a great horned serpent, "which rose out of the lake and devoured the people," until a hero destroyed it with a thunderbolt. Their thunder god is Heno, who rides through the heavens on the clouds and hurls thunderbolts at his enemies, often splitting open great forest trees and making vast charms in the earth with his mighty weapons. Then, again, he is called grandfather by his children, the Indians, for they look upon him as their great benefactor. When they hear thunder they believe it is the voice of the Great Spirit speaking from the clouds, telling them that the time of corn-planting is near. He gathers the clouds, pours out the warm rains on the earth, and is the patron of seed-time and harvest.

These are a few among the numerous American Indian legends regarding the storms which rage in the skies, and which, strangely enough, bear a strong resemblance to European legends on the same subject.—Mary Proctor in St. Louis Republic.

### Intelligence of Carrier Pigeons.

A carrier pigeon is trained for a race with as much care as is devoted to a prize fighter. They are dieted, exercised and cared for in much the same way. The result of this careful training is very satisfactory. A greater degree of speed is attained and intelligence to a surprising degree is manifested by these birds.

# A CURIOUS PEOPLE.

**Peculiar Characteristics of the Lilliputian Lapps.**

The Lapps are a curious race. Nothing is known of their origin or whence they came. They seem to be Mongolians, but are as superior to the Esquimaux as the blonde Swedes and Norwegians are to themselves.

They are of a stunted nature, seldom exceeding five feet in height, while four and a half feet is perhaps a good average, but of the thickest bodies, exceedingly strong and active. With dark hair and complexion, black eyes, prominent cheek bones, hollow cheeks, and receding chin, they present strong points of resemblance to the Chinese, but their eyes are not oblique and their color is much lighter, while their language bears not the slightest resemblance to that of any known Asiatic tribe.

It is probable that they were among the earliest immigrants to Europe from the Asiatic home of the human race, and that, pressed by subsequent tides of immigration, they were gradually crowded into their far-away corner of the continent, and there remained a relic of almost prehistoric times.

However this may be, it is certain that in intelligence they far exceed most nations of so-called savages. Most are, at least nominally, Christians. Partly by persuasion, partly by force, they were a couple of hundred years ago induced to give up their heathenism and embrace a Protestant Christianity.

In Hatta there is the most northern Lutheran church in the world. It is an unpretending building, standing almost on an eminence, and in it service is rarely held more than once a month, for the clergyman resides many miles away, and is obliged to ride his circuit over an almost roadless country under circumstances of difficulty which would hinder the clergy of more civilized countries from going at all.

The Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation. Over thirty years ago a series of religious riots took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta. During the riots several homicides occurred, and Lars and some others of his companies were committed to prison on a charge of murder. They were found guilty and several were hanged, but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment.

Commiserating his condition his keepers and the prison chaplains extended to him such favor as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and, finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write. Lars became interested in the Bible, grew day by day more fond of reading it, and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labor went on, for Lars was no great scholar, and the Lapp language, as may be readily supposed, is not a fluent literary medium of thought.

But finally the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of the Haetta's sentence was commuted. He was living as late as 1870, and, although an old man, was still active, and often served parties of travelers as a guide.

### The Flannel Shirt.

It is often asked, in connection with the great popularity of the summer flannel shirt, how it is that flannel will blow both hot and cold, or keep a man warm in winter and cool in summer. The reason really is that flannel is a poor conductor, and hence when the body is covered with it, variations in atmospheric temperature are less felt. A good illustration of this can be found in desert and parched countries, particularly Africa, where it is often necessary for the white man to wear heavy woolen clothing to protect his body from the sun and heat. The heat and annoyance from perspiration are terrible under such conditions, but they are preferable to the agony caused by wearing light clothing. Flannel really keeps the heat out in summer just as it keeps it in during winter, and by wearing it all the year round the temperature of the body is kept very nearly uniform.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Curiosities About Beans.

Of all edible pods, it is believed that the bean has been the longest known and most widely cultivated. It was used as food by the ancient Jews and considered sacred by the Greek and Roman. A temple dedicated to Kyanetes, the God of Beans, formerly stood on the sacred road near Eleusis. Kyanetes was called the God of Beans, because he was the first to cultivate them for food. The Bean Feast, which the Athenians celebrated in honor of Apollo, was characterized by the excessive use of beans. The Egyptians, contrary to the nations abovementioned, considered beans unclean and would not venture to touch them. Pythagoras admonished his scholars, "Abstain from beans." The natives of Egypt and most all Orientel nations look upon the black speck on the wings of the bean flower as the written characters of death.

### The Utility of the Pretty Girl.

The pretty girl is a universal factor in modern life. She possesses the advantage not only of ornament, but of utility. She has been utilized in an endless variety of ways. She has become a howling success in the operatic ballet, and is as conspicuous and as original in front of a typewriter or behind a counter as she is on dress parade in a new spring suit or luxuriously lolling in a big easy chair. But it has remained for an enterprising Connecticut minister of the gospel to introduce the pretty girl in a new sphere as a church usher.—Detroit Tribune.


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## "MIZPAH"

Night's starry curtain is lowering
O'er the lea;
Musing I sit at my window—
Musing of thee.
Prayers for thy safety arise
Out of the depths of my heart,
That you be guarded from harm
While we are far, far apart.
He who is mighty will hear
All of my prayers.
Nor will a whisper be lost
Out on the evening air.
Yea, He will shield thee. His love
Surpasseth that of a mother—
"God be between thee and me while we are absent
One from the other."

Far off the mountains are looming
Blue through the night,
Raising their heads to the heavens,
Crowned in white.
Yet He can rend them asunder,
Vast and "rock-ribbed" though they be;
He can control with a touch
The waves of the limitless sea.
He with a breath can command
Dead to awake;
He, by an unspoken thought,
Can behold the vast continents quake.
Yea, thou art safe, for His arm
Is stronger than that of another—
"God be between thee and me while we are absent
One from the other."

—Fashion Bazaar.

### He Missed It.

"How often do we, in looking back to the beginning of our business career," remarked the traveling man, "see where we made a big mistake that haunts us all the rest of our lives. I exhibited a little shortsightedness ten years ago that follows me around like a nightmare and serves to keep in complete subjection any exaggerated opinion of my own smartness that may spring up unawares. My room-mate in college was a young man of an inventive turn of mind. He was always studying out some puzzle that none of us would look at or listen to a description of. We guyed him about it till at last he ceased to tell us about it. College days over, we went our different way seeking a foothold in the busy, bustling world of business. A few months latter he came to me and said, 'Joe I've got it, and I've got my patent, too, but I have not a cent of money to begin the manufacture. None of my friends seem willing to help me, and I am sure it will be a success if I can only get on the market. Suppose you and I go into partnership. You furnish the money and take a half interest in the business.' 'How much would be required?' I asked. 'We could start on a small scale with $300,' he replied. I had that sum saved, but I hated to lose it. I looked at his simple little device for use about harness and—decided to not risk it. The result is, somebody else did risk it and the firm to-day is worth $250,000 and I travel for it.—Chicago Journal.

### Plucky Western Women.

There are some plucky women in the new State of Washington. W. H. H. Grant, who has been prospection with a party in the mountains back of Port Angeles, found on the extreme limits of civilization, nine miles from the city, a widow named Munroe, who, with two children, ten and twelve years old, had taken up a fine ranch and was industriously making a clearing. She now has about an acre and a half cleared and planted in vegetables. Near Mrs. Munroe Miss Reshter, a handsome young lady of fourteen, and her mother have a ranch, seven acres cleared and planted in a garden. She also has a large variety of flowers in bloom that she has set out and carefully attended. It was a great surprise to the prospecting party to emerge from a dense forest and come upon these ladies busily making a home in so isolated a spot. These two families were out of food, except potatoes and salt, and the gallant prospectors gave them what extra provisions they had. One need not wonder at the rapid development of the Northwest when women will venture into unknown wilds and make themselves homes.—Portland Oregonian.

### Killed by Locusts.

A recent telegram from Algiers, Africa, says the French savant, M. Kunckel Herculais, the president of the Ethnological Society, who was employed on the Government mission of investigating the locust plague in this province, has met a horrible death. While examining a deposit of locusts' eggs at the village of Sidieral, he was overcome with fatigue and the heat and fell asleep on the ground. While sleeping he was attacked by a swarm of locusts. On awakening he struggled desperately to escape from the living flood. He set fire to the insect-laden bushes near him, but all his efforts proved ineffectual, and when finally the locusts left the spot his corpse was found. His hair, beard and necktie had been entirely devoured.

M. Herculais was a member of the French Academy and the author of several valuable works on insects.—Scientific American.

### The Potato as a Penwiper.

One of the chief woes of a ready writer consists in the fact that he no sooner gets a pen into good working order than it is spoiled by the corrosion of the ink. Quills are nowadays as much out of date as penwipers are impracticable, and the remedy for the writer's grievance must be an expeditious and easy one. This has been found in the potato wiper. The juicy tuber holds the pen steady, removes at once all ink from the nib, and prevents, or at least greatly delays, the process of corrosion.

### No Place Like Home.

A little girl in the primary department of one of the public schools here took great interest in what her teacher said in relation to the animalculæ in water one day this week. When she reached home in the afternoon she was very thirsty and her mother asked her the cause. "Our teacher," said the child, "says the water at the school is all full of worms and bugs, so I waited to drink until I get home."—Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

# A GIRL WOMAN IS BOSS.

## IN FAR OFF SUMATRA SHE RUNS THINGS TO SUIT HERSELF.

**Gold and Silver as Plenty as the Sunshine, and Everybody Happy—Women Own the Houses and Lands—Extravagant Dress—Husbands Always Lovers.**

A country where the women own the houses and lands, where gold and silver are common as the flowers in the spring, where everybody is happy an nobody does wrong, is the burden of the story that W. J. Shaw brings from far off Sumatra.

W. J. Shaw is one of the men who modelled things in this country when it was young and pliable. He came from New York in 1849 and was about the first man to hang out a lawyer's sign in San Francisco. He won the cases that settled the validty of settlers' titles and resulted in the Van Ness ordinance; and he served as a State Senator in 1854, when it was more of an honor to be a legislator than it is now.

"In all my years of travel," he said yesterday, "I never found a happier people than those who live in Sumatra, in the middle part of the island. The people all over Sumatra are believers in the Mohammedan religion, but the peculiar customs which make this particular people unique and different from all others are confined to one community.

"It would not be correct to term this branch of the Sumatra people a tribe, for they do not live in tribal relations at all, although there is a chief and under chieftains. These rulers, however, are not despots, and if the people do not like the way in which they manage things they dispose of them very shortly and put other men in their places.

"Although men are the ostensible chieftains, the women are the real rulers. The customs of the country forbid the giving of a man's property to his children after his death. If a man dies the property he owns is given to his father and mother. The woman's property, on the contrary, is given to the children. Probably that is the custom that is responsible for the turning over of all the wealth of the country to the women.

"It is the constant aim of the men to enrich their wives. Each man has but one wife, and each wife one husband, and they live a perfectly moral life. The teachings of Mohammedanism are followed upon the question of divorce. The husband has the right to divorce his wife whenever he chooses, but must allow her to retain the property in her possession. Divorces are not frequent though, and I believe that, in proportion to the population, divorces in this part of Sumatra are not one in sixteen compared to the number in California.

"The people are happy there—happy as they can be. The children live at home with their mother—the boys until they are thirteen or fourteen, and the girls until they marry.

"When the daughter gets married she does not leave her mother's house. An addition is built on—a new roof as they call it—and the newly married girl makes her home there and brings up her children. This custom, of course, results in forming quite large communities where there are many children.

"I knew one of these communities where there were a mother and several daughters living with their children. The original house had grown with each marriage until it spread over a large piece of ground.

"When the boys get old enough to leave home, they are taken to a compartment house which is set aside as a home for them until they wish to marry. The girl has the right to choose whom she will wed, a privilege delegated to her in few Mohammedan countries.

"Once married, the husband for the rest of his life is his wife's lover. He lives apart from her and visits his home only in the evening to chat with her and the children. All the money he gets—and there is plenty of money of Dutch coinage there—he turns over to his sweetheart. She dresses herself and the children and shoulders all the petty family cares.

"To get things for them to eat need not worry them much. The portion of Sumatra in which these strange people live is very fertile and productive. It is a fine country, with beautiful mountains and streams and magnificent scenery. All sorts of fruits are grown, and in the higher altitudes many of the grains.

"To find dresses for the family must be a difficult matter, for I never saw such elegantly attired women as in these communities. They are very beautiful, boasting the fairest and finest complexions and the brighest eyes.

"I have seen women there wearing dresses of pure gold and others wearing silver gowns. Both these metals are mined there in Sumatra and the natives possess sufficient knowledge of the arts to smelt and form the ingots into wire. The weaving of these handsome and costly cloths is quite the principal occupation of both the women and the men.

"Never in Christian countries do women dress as extravagantly.

"I remember that once the chief told me he would have two pretty maidens dress as they would on their marriage. The two bright-eyed girls were gone some time, and came back, wearing, one a dress of gold and the other one of silver. They had bracelets one above another from the hands and above their elbows. At the elbows they wore peculiar bracelets, jointed to permit easily moving the joint. In brief, their arms were armored with precious metal. They had necklaces of gems and other costly ornaments, and the cloth-of-gold and the cloth-of-silver dresses were made loosely fitting above the waist, and the skirts in flounces.—San Francisco Examiner.

## ADDTHONAL LOCALS.

—Autumn is approaching.

—The picnic fever is still on.

—School days are very near.

—The seeding will be late this year.

—Don't fail to have yourself registered.

—Clearfield worked hard but they weren't in it.

—The tide of summer travel will soon be homeward bound.

—This is the 82nd birthday of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holness.

—August has given us some heavy storms and shocking accidents.

—Governor Beaver attended a soldier's reunion at Indiana on Thursday.

—There are so many good fruits in market these times one hardly knows what to buy.

—Mrs. W. L. Malin and daughter, Helen, were arrivals on this morning's 9.32 train.

—Lawyer Cyrus Gordon, of Clearfield, transacts considerable business in Bellefonte.

—The next on the list, the picnic at Centre Hall and the Firemen's convention in Lock Haven.

—The old way was to pray for rain. The new way is to shoot for it, and the more, the better.

—A very excellent quality of peaches were sold in Bellefonte Friday evening for 55 cents a basket.

—The corn crop of Pennsylvania will be unusually fine, unless something occurs to interfere with its present thrifty condition.

—It is said that Bellefonte's base ball season has closed because it was always a losing institution to the parties who had the matter in charge.

—Wonder if Bellefonte will have any more circuses this year. Forepaugh was to have been here but it seems he has given us the go—by this year.

—It is said that Mr. John Keichline is sticking his pins for an election to the district attorneyship in 1892. Justice would then be righted with a vengeance.

—Have you seen John Lauer's new peanut roaster? It is a daisy now, to be sure. Steam engine, steam whistle, steam man, steam roaster, five cents a poke, fresh peanuts, etc.

—Centre Hall had an Uncle Tom's Cabin show this week and the editor of the *Reporter* thought it *glorious*. Evidently the poor fellow don't see much in that out of the way hamlet.

—The near approach of a month with an "r" in it reminds us of the oyster's long vacation at the cool bottom of the ocean, while suffering humanity has taken his place in the stew.

—The bald headed men of Bellefonte—and there are a number—need not despond. A genius thinks he has discovered a process by which hair must grow on any fate, no matter how long bald.

—The Baptist Association comprising the Baptist church in Blair, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre, Mifflin and Cambria counties will convene at Saltillo on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

—"What a difference it makes on the water supply in the northern part of town since the new stand pipe has been put in," we overheard a prominent gentleman remark last evening. And, we are sorry to inform the gentleman that he is away off, as the new stand pipe is not yet in.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a census directory of Bellefonte borough, giving the names of every person, both old and young, in the borough, and the ages and occupation of all males. It is a very convenient book and can be purchased of J. A. Fiedler, by whom it is published.

—Next Monday evening is council meeting night. Have the citizens of Bellefonte concluded to leave the cows have the streets or do they want them put off? If the latter then let yonrselves be heard before next meeting of the town council and it is just possible that an ordinance may be passed prohibiting the animals from running at large.

—On Friday evening Sheriff Ishler, assisted by his brother Samuel and Col. J. Miles Kephart, escorted the three men so sentenced to the Western Penitentiary at Allegheny. Swartz walked along as if going on a visit, with valise in hand and a high standing collar around his neck. The gypsy and the third man were handcuffed together. The Sheriff will return today.

—To say that the Centre county commissioners are mad is to say nothing. They are howling, jumping mad and it would be hard to tell which one is the maddest. That the nuisance will be abated we shouldn't wonder but in order to do so it may be necessary to use considerable hermetic seal and a double barrell shot gun, and then it might be necessary for each county officer to engage his own chamber maid.

—On Friday night it was somewhat amusing to see four young gents stop beneath the window of a room in which there might have been a lovely young lady, and sing very sweetly "Good night, sweet heart, good night;" and the only occupant of the room above was a cross old bachelor who came within one of making it a bad night for the boys. Moral—always be sure the young lady is at home before you undertake to serenade.

### Victorious Insurgents

WASHINGTON, August 28.—This afternoon a new aspect was given the situation in Chile when Julio M. Fostor, who is assisting the congressional envoys here, received the following dispatch dated New York: "Balmaceda defeated. Valparaiso in our power. Viva Chile!

[Signed.] TRUMBULL."

The sender is Richard Trumbull, one of the congressional agents, who is under indictment for violation of the neutrality laws in connection with the equipment of the Itata. The dispatch gave great comfort to the congressional parties here and Fostor did not attempt to conceal his satisfaction.

One hour later the following dispatch was received from Mr. Veil, the confidential agent of the insurgent party at Lima, Peru, and addressed to Pedro Montt, the principal congressional envoy here: "Triumph complete. Valparaiso surrendered."

Acting State Secretary Wharton received the following cablegram to-night:

VALPARAISO, August 28.—Battle fought near this city this morning. Government forces badly beaten. Heavy loss on both sides. City surrendered to opposition, but in the hands of the admirals of the American, German, French and English fleets for good order. No communication with Santiago. Opposition forces now entering the city. [Signed.] MCCRARY,

Consul at Valparaiso.

### An Improved Planter.

For the past five weeks, W. W. Cadle, of Snow Shoe, Centre county, has been in Tyrone and has been making daily visits to the foundry and machine shops of Austin Brothers & Porter, where the first of his Improved Hub Feed Check Row, Corn Planter was being made. This new machine, when finished and placed upon the market, will certainly be an improvement which every farmer will be interested in. The planter is made on the order of a sulky plow, and the corn reservoir is placed around the hub of each wheel; the corn is conveyed to the ground by iron tubes which extend from one to three inches about the tire of the wheel, and at the revolution of the wheel the corn is dropped as these tubes pierces the ground. It plants any number of grains, from three to ten, and any depth, from one to three inches. Having two wheels it plants as many rows without the use of a wire spanning the length of the field. There are no fine complications of machinery nor runners for catching the clods. Mr. Cadle has been working on this improvement for five years, and after it has been patented he, with a number of capitalists, will proceed to make and place them on the market.—Tyrone *Times*.

If Rev. Cadle's invention proves a success he will have lots of friends in Centre county to wish him well.

### Spots on the Sun.

Astronomers have this summer discovered an extraordinarily large number of spots on the sun, and predictions are made of severe atmospheric disturbances. Weather predictions are an uncertain quantity, however, and there's no cause for worry. One thing is certain, Klein's celebrated brands of "Silver Age" and Duquesne" pure rye whiskies are gaining in public favor every day. A reliable stimulant should always be kept in the house, more especially in summer, when sudden sickness is liable to attack us. "Silver Age" sells at $1.50 and "Duquesne" at $1.25 per full quart. Both are indorsed and prescribed by physicians. You can have Gibson, Finch, Guckenheimer or Overholt at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00. Try Klein's Blackberry Brandy, pure juice of the berry, $1.00 per quart. Goods promptly shipped to all parts of the country. Send for complete catalogue and price list, mentioning this paper.

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.

### Will soon be Here.

The date for the opening of Bellefonte's amusement season will soon be here. On next Tuesday evening, September first, the opera house will be opened by Frank Jones in "Our Country Cousin." The scenery employed in the production of this playis of a verye elaborate description. from an effective and startling point especially considered. The great railroad scene, in the third act, is a marvelous bit of mechanical ingenuity, and is far removed from the conventional railroad scenes usually presented on the stage. "Our Country Cousin" has other elements quite as novel; and this, in conjunction with a strong play, should claim public attention. Secure your seats early as there is bound to be a rush at the box office. Seats can now be secured at Garman & Lukenbach's' on Allegheny street.

### Who Will Succeed Bragg?

It is reported that Judge Allen H. Morrill, of Alabama, will be appointed to fill the vacancy on the Inter-State Commerce Commission caused by the death of General Bragg. A number of candidates have been spoken of, among them two or three from Alabama. Representative Herbert is said to accept the position.

Ex-Representatives Hammond, of Georgia, and Ex-Senator Regan, of Texas, are mentioned as possible candiates. Judge Morrill was formerly a law partner of Senator Pugh, who will probably urge his appointment. Representative Culberson, of Texas, is also spoken of as a possible member of the commission.

### Bible Lectures.

The attendance at Mr. Kershaw's lectures in the Presbyterian chapel during the week has been quite large and the lectures were very interesting. The story of the life of Christ is illustrated by about two hundred of the most beautiful stereopticon views in the world. Most of them are colored and many of them copies of the most famous paintings of world renowned masters. The series close with the lecture this evening. The chapel should be filled from wall to wall. Remember the lecture commences at 7.30 o'clock.

### Charity in Gray.

Speaking of the grand Army, I heard a story a few days ago worth repeating. As it was told me it runs in this wise: At one of the Encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic there was a man sitting on the sidewalk appealing to all who passed for alms. His legs and arms had been shot off and he was blind. On his cap he had an appeal in the words "Pity a blind and crippled veteran." He explained to all where he lost his limbs and his eyes. One of the old veterans would give him a nickle, another a dime, and now and then he would get a quarter. Finally a man stopped in front him, and after hearing his story, said- "Here is a $5 bill." The tears came from the sightless eyes of the beggar, and he said: "Who are you that are so generous? Tell me your name that I may remember and bless it." The man replied that it was unnecessary to give his name, as the money could be enjoyed as well without it. The blind man insisted, and finally the donor of the bill said: "Well, if you must know, I am an old Confederate soldier; and if you want to know why I give you the amount of money which pleases you so much, I tell you I give it to you because you are the first Yankee soldier I have ever seen who was timmed up to suit my taste."

### To Our Subscribers.

The Special Announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enoeburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." a 6—11t.

### Increasing Equipment.

President Janney, of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad, closed a contract yesterday with a leading car company for the construction of over one hundred thirty-ton hopper gondola cars, and it is probable that they will be placed in service by October 1.

The coal business of the road has increased rapidly of late, and it has been found necessary to add to its equipment. The Raystown Branch Coal Company is opening a number of mines on the line of the road, and as shipments will begin soon, the tonnage will be largely increased. The railroad company itself has leased a mine at Sandy Run, from which it is taking large quantities of coal. The furnace at Everett went into blast last week, and the resumption of operations at that point will add to the tonnage of the road and make an increase in the equipment necessary.

### LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

### The Granger's Picnic.

Williams Grove, August 28.—At the Granger's picnic to-day the discussion of the purpose constitutional convention with a view to securing separate ballot was taken up. Hon. E. M. Tewksbury, of Columbia county, offered a resolution to that effect. Messrs Lesher, of Snyder county, and Rice, of Bucks, opposed it on the grounds that the power that corrupts the ballot will also control the conventions Mr. Tewksbury said the people can be trusted. The cyclone that swept over Pennsylvania last year had given a good legislature and another cyclone next year will give a better senate. No vote was taken, but the grange is in favor of the constitutional convention.

### The Victims Being Buried.

NEW YORK, August 28.—A long row of black coffins stood in front of the morgue this morning. On each was a plate with the inscription, "Died August 22, 1891," and the number of the box in which the corpse was placed after being taken from the Park Place ruins. The last identification was made last night. Mrs. Kate Barry came to the morgue and identified the body marked No. 29 as that of her husband, William Barry, 35 years old.

It was shortly after 10.30 when thirteen hearses drove up to the gloomy building and the last awful reminders of the catastrophe were carried off to Evergreen, to be buried there in a grave at the city's expense.

### BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

### Tennessee Court.

A very celebrated magistrate in east Tennessee many years ago was Old Keith, who had so long occupied the bench, and with such dignity, that his rulings were regarded as more authoritative than even the law books themselves. This respect followed him after he retired to the practice of law. On one occasion he was about to try a case before a very young magistrate who he feared would not have acquired the same reverence for his opinions which the older magistrates were known to have. He suggested, therefore, very respectfully, that as the case was of unusual importance, and several of the older magistrates had come to hear their former colleague practice before the bar, two of them should be invited to share the bench. The young magistrate acquiesced and allowed the older heads to over-rule his objections when the wiley Keith, in order to make assurance doubly sure, insisted that he had a right to summon the young magistrate as a witness, and put him under the rule. There was some discussion, but it was finally decided that Old Keith must be right, because he had never been known to miss the proper letter of the law.

Pruett was on the other side of the case. He waited until Old Keith had sent out of hearing the magistrate and one or two others. Then the gravely rose and said, that inasmuch as "Squire Keith had proved that a magistrate could be taken off the bench as a witness and put under the rule, surely no objection could be raised if he should avail himself of the same privilege. Of course Old Keith could say nothing, and Pruett ordered the other two magistrates, the sheriff and everybody present to join Old Keith's witnesses down at the spring, where they would be out of hearing. When he was left alone with Old Keith and the prisoner he said:

"I don't know what you are going to do about it, 'squire, but as for me and my man, we are going out to the bushes yonder, and get on our horses and go home—or wherever this good man pleases. Good day, sir. I hope for you the best of health."

And with that, he disappeared.

### STOP AND THINK

How much money you have thrown away buying worthless medicines, prepared by unprincipled parties, who care not what harm they may do to your system. You can depend on every bottle of Sulphur Bitters as being a reliable medicine. It searches out and cleanses from the blood all impure matter, and makes you feel like a new person.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

### SUMMER TOURS.

The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R. "Book of Routes and Rates for Summer Tours" is undoubtedly the handsomest and most complete book of its character published. It is a book of 236 pages large octavo size, contains 11 valuable maps and over 150 fine illustrations. It gives cost of tours, list of hotels, and routes and rates for more than 600 combination summer excursion tickets. It illustrates and accurately describes Niagara Falls, Trenton Falls, Clayton and Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands and Rapids of the St. Lawrence River, Missena Springs Ottawa River, Saguenay River, Ha-Ha Bay, Hudson River, Gulf of St Lawrence, Cape Brenton Island, Chateaugay Chasm, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Lake Memphremagog, White Mountains, Green Mountains, Adirondack Mountains, Cities of Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax Portland, Old Orchard Beach, Kennebunkport and other Sea-coast resorts of Maine, St. John, N. B., St. Andrews, N. B., and the Maritime, Provinces, Boston, New York, and all Mountains, Lake, River and Sea-shore resorts in Canada, New York. and all New England.

The maps in this book are of great value to the tourist, especially the colored map of the Thousands Islands, the map of the rapids of the River St. Lawrence, the map of the River Saguenay, the map of the Adirondack Mountains Region, and the White Mountains. and the general map showing all summer resorts in the east.

The book is published for gratuitous distribution, and will be mailed to any address upon receipt of ten cents postage on application to THEO. BUTTERFIELD, General Passenger Agent, Oswego, N. Y.

"Does your mother know you're out," said a boy to his little brother. "Yes, she does, was the answer, "for one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has knocked my cold into a cocked hat, you bet."

A few applications of Salvation Oil will instantly relieve stiffness in the neck or joints. 25 cents.

### The Dead Number Twenty-two.

STATESVILLE, N. C., August 28.—This picturesque little town situated at the foot of the mountain, with its gay summer boarders and tourists, is still in great excitement over the awful calamity at Third creed. Friends and relatives of the dead and injured are flocking here, and nothing is thought of or talked about except the ill-fated No. 9 yesterday morning. All gaze at the fearful wreck and can only wonder that a single "fe w s saved. Country people for miles around, with all conceivable kinds of vehicles, have been pouring in; but with all this excitement there is a gloom over each countenance that corresponds with the dark clouds which are hovering over this mass of wood and iron lying at the bottom of Third creed. The dead are being embalmed as fast as possible and expressed to their former homes, and the injured are receiving warm-hearted southern hospitality.

—On Friday evening the horse and delivery wagon of J. A. Harper & Co. were driven up to the fountain in the diamond for the purpose of watering the horse. The driver then took the bridle off the animal to give a better opportunity to drink. In some way or other the horse became frightened and made a plunge forward between the fountain and the electric light pole but when the wheels struck these two the animal was stopped. The driver was knocked down and more or less injured. Col. Mullen, who was standing near caught the horse and slipped the bridle over his head when he was easily controlled.

### Wanted for Embezzlement.

On Saturday the following card of description was received in this place from the cheif of police of Lima Ohio:

"For embezzlement, a sleek bunco man, 5 feet ten inches, dark complexion, dark brown hair and mustache, square forehead' face long and rather slim, brown eyes, heavy chin small scar on back of his neck, right hand largest, slow deliberate talker, accents each word, operates worthless checks and drafts by passing them on some pretended deal.

A liberal reward is offered for his detection.


ONE POUND
PEOPLE'S
HORSE AND CATTLE
POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*
KOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

I GIVE AWAY
To every reader of this paper who suffers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility or Consumption, a free bottle of that most wonderful medicine, **Floraplexion,** which is the only absolute and permanent cure for the above named diseases. I can afford to do this because I know that nine out of every ten persons who try it will be so well satisfied with the results they will take pleasure in speaking about its marvelous curative virtues to all their friends and acquaintances. The value of this sort of advertising to me is worth many times the cost of the medicine given away, so I am well compensated for the seeming large expense.
I have over 70,000 letters on file from people who have been cured of one or more of the complaints above named. Write to-day stating your disease and receive a free bottle by return mail, or ask your druggist for it and get well. Address,
PROF. HART, 88 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.
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Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
Sold Everywhere.

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538 North Fourth St., below Green, PHILADELPHIA.
Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing.
SPECIAL DISEASES, of both sexes, by an entirely new discovery. BLOOD POISON discharges etc., obstinate hard or soft ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, pimples, swellings, inflammations, Bladder, Kidney, Heart, Lung, Liver, stomach, mouth, throat, nose, early decay, debility, loss of mental and physical strength, melancholy, pains from excesses or youthful errors. Cure is positive and lasting relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days, no experiment but skill and science. Do not be humbugged by deceiving advertisements but call or write and be saved. $15,000 will be paid to any advertising Doctor or Quacks who can show as many hopeless cases cured as I can. Send 2 cents stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials exposing quacks and advice to all sufferers and those contemplating marriage. OFFICE HOURS—Every Day from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., Evenings 6—8, Wednesday & Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9—12. Strictly confidential.
Fun Reference can see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.

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This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Don't not ever take
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or mercury, they are dead ly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.
Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or
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Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once. It will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is
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The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,
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Is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without injurious reaction, and one that may be taken safely by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made by the rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.
*Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving Elixir without alcohol.* The only medicine with such powers *in the world.*
A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE, far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called
LIQUID LIFE,
since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spontaneous.*
It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist,* as no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known
CALIFORNIA,
if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of these used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, gravel, dice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c, &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present
PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.
Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this
PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.
In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.
THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.
THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
REMEMBER
There is no disease of the kidneys, debility of functions, or nervous irritation for which
VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE, and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of
THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA
In malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c, and so great is its power as a vermicide that it is an
UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.
A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in a majority *of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*
OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTER IN THE HOUSE.
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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
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A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
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# MONOMANIA IN CRIME.

## INCENDIARISM AND KLEPTOMANIA THE LEADING TENDENCIES.

**Peculiarities of a Disease With Which a Majority of People are More or Less Affected—Some Interesting Cases by a Well Known Physician.**

"Nine persons out of every ten are monomaniacs to a certain extent," said a prominent physician the other day, while speaking of the numerous incendiary fires that have recently occurred in New York and immediate vicinity. "Everybody has a mental deficiency in some one particular," he continued, "although their minds may be perfectly sound in every other respect. Take the case of young Hugh C. Miller, for instance, who has confessed that he deliberately set on fire a Brooklyn tenement for no other reason than that he had an irresistible desire to see a big blaze, and could not conveniently have that desire satisfied without kindling the fire himself.

"Here is a young man, the son of a wealthy father, well educated, advantageously situated in business, and well known and respected in church and social circles, committing a crime that is not only revolting to all law-abiding citizens, but punishable by a term of imprisonment ranging anywhere from ten years to life, without the slightest possible advantage to himself. Is he not demented? Of caurse he is; but only on that one subject.

"A most remarkable coincidence, and one that would be hard to explain, is the fact that Miller was employed in the same store where Florence Birch, the Islip, L. I., incendiary, was engaged. Here was a case similar to young Miller's, excepting, perhaps, that there was more method in her madness. She preferred working in New York, where the young man who kept her company, could be seen more frequently; so she set fire to her little store Islip, in order to get a good excuse for going out of business and getting a situation in the city. But that was not monomania. Where that disease broke out in her case was in writing anonymous letters herself. The letters were of a defamatory character, yet there was no advantage to be gained by writing them—no object whatever, unless it was to get the sympathy of her friends, to whom she confided her affliction. Was she insane? No one will deny that she was, yet she, too, is perfectly sound in every other respect.

"During the past month alone," continued the doctor, "I have read in the newspapers of at least a dozen respectable women who were caught in the act of shoplifting in some one of the large dry goods stores. In one case the woman was found, when searched, to have in her possession at the time something over $1,000, and subsequent developments proved that she belonged to a well-known and wealthy family. The value of the articles she was seen to take was less than a dollar, yet she was willing to jeoparadize her reputation and the name of her family for the sake of becoming the owner of something without going through the usual process of paying for it. The same woman, had she escaped detection and been accosted by a needy beggar at the door as she was leaving the store with her purloined property, would have probably given twice the value in money to relieve the sufferings of a fellow being.

"One of the most remarkable instances of monomania that ever came to my attention was the case of Mrs. Emma Hudson, who died not long ago in Sing Sing Prison. She was called kleptomaniac, and during her trial it was conclusively proven that the woman could no more withstand the temptation to eat. Mrs. Hudson was the widow of a respectable physician, and moved in the best society. She was a church member and a constant attendant. In fact she was a most exemplary woman in every respect, excepting her uncontrollable desire to steal.

"There was method in her madness, too, although, as in each of the other cases, there was no apparent personal advantage to be derived by her transgression. She never profitted by the ownership of her stolen goods. She had a house in the city and lodgings in the suburbs, where she occasionally went. When the exposure came a most miscellaneous assortment of dry-goods, fancy goods, jewelry and stationery was found in her apartments—more than enough to stock a good-sized country store. Yet there was no evidence that the intended to dispose of them.

"Not many years ago a man reported to the police that he was in receipt of threatening anonymous letters. A detective took hold of the case, and wasted a week before he discovered that the man was writing the letters himself. There was no reason why he should—no advantage to be gained by the apparent persecution. Yet the man actually threatened his own life. I have no doubt that, had he not been detected, the affair would have ended by his committing suicide in such a manner as would have left the impression that he had been murdered by his unknown enemy."—N. Y. Continent.

### The Deadly Gallows Plant.

The roots were formerly supposed to bear a strong resemblance to the human form, and are figured as such in the old herbals, being distinguished as to sex by the respective roots having long hair or long beard. During the Middle Ages mandrake was declared to grow no place except upon the scene of some terrible crime, or where some one had suffered the death of a felon. Some writers said that the plants of it which grew under a gallows were the result of corruption dripping from dead "body's" left long in the chains. "When dug up," they said, "it would utter a great shriek or a terrible moan."

## A CURIOUS PEOPLE.

**Peculiar Characteristics of the Lilliputian Lapps.**

The Lapps are a curious race. Nothing is known of their origin or whence they came. They seem to be Mongolians, but are as superior to the Esquimaux as the blonde Swedes and Norwegians are to themselves.

They are of a stunted nature, seldom exceeding five feet in height, while four and a half feet is perhaps a good average, but of the thickest bodies, exceedingly strong and active. With dark hair and complexion, black eyes, prominent cheek bones, hollow cheeks, and receding chin, they present strong points of resemblance to the Chinese, but their eyes are not oblique and their color is much lighter, while their language bears not the slightest resemblance to that of any known Asiatic tribe.

It is probable that they were among the earliest immigrants to Europe from the Asiatic home of the human race, and that, pressed by subsequent tides of immigration, they were gradually crowded into their far-away corner of the continent, and there remained a relic of almost prehistoric times.

However this may be, it is certain that in intelligence they far exceed most nations of so-called savages. Most are, at least nominally, Christians. Partly by persuasion, partly by force, they were a couple of hundred years ago induced to give up their heathenism and embrace a Protestant Christianity.

In Hatta there is the most northern Lutheran church in the world. It is an unpretending building, standing almost on an eminence, and in it service is rarely held more than once a month, for the clergyman resides many miles away, and is obliged to ride his circuit over an almost roadless country under circumstances of difficulty which would hinder the clergy of more civilized countries from going at all.

The Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation. Over thirty years ago a series of religious riots took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta. During the riots several homicides occurred, and Lars and some others of his companies were committed to prison on a charge of murder. They were found guilty and several were hanged, but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment.

Commiserating his condition his keepers and the prison chaplains extended to him such favor as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and, finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write. Lars became interested in the Bible, grew day by day more fond of reading it, and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labor went on, for Lars was no great scholar, and the Lapp language, as may be readily supposed, is not a fluent literary medium of thought.

But finally the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of the Haetta's sentence was commuted. He was living as late as 1870, and, although an old man, was still active, and often served parties of travelers as a guide.

### The Flannel Shirt.

It is often asked, in connection with the great popularity of the summer flannel shirt, how it is that flannel will blow both hot and cold, or keep a man warm in winter and cool in summer. The reason really is that flannel is a poor conductor, and hence when the body is covered with it, variations in atmospheric temperature are less felt. A good illustration of this can be found in desert and parched countries, particularly Africa, where it is often necessary for the white man to wear heavy woolen clothing to protect his body from the sun and heat. The heat and annoyance from perspiration are terrible under such conditions, but they are preferable to the agony caused by wearing light clothing. Flannel really keeps the heat out in summer just as it keeps it in during winter, and by wearing it all the year round the temperature of the body is kept very nearly uniform.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Curiosities About Beans.

Of all edible pods, it is believed that the bean has been the longest known and most widely cultivated. It was used as food by the ancient Jews and considered sacred by the Greek and Roman. A temple dedicated to Kyanetes, the God of Beans, formerly stood on the sacred road near Eleusis. Kyanetes was called the God of Beans, because he was the first to cultivate them for food. The Bean Feast, which the Athenians celebrated in honor of Apollo, was characterized by the excessive use of beans. The Egyptians, contrary to the nations abovementioned, considered beans unclean and would not venture to touch them. Pythagoras admonished his scholars, "Abstain from beans." The natives of Egypt and most all Orientel nations look upon the black speck on the wings of the bean flower as the written characters of death.

### The Utility of the Pretty Girl.

The pretty girl is a universal factor in modern life. She possesses the advantage not only of ornament, but of utility. She has been utilized in an endless variety of ways. She has become a howling success in the operatic ballet, and is as conspicuous and as original in front of a typewriter or behind a counter as she is on dress parade in a new spring suit or luxuriously lolling in a big easy chair. But it has remained for an enterprising Connecticut minister of the gospel to introduce the pretty girl in a new sphere as a church usher.—Detroit Tribune.

## HOW SHE LOST HER LOVER.

'Twas a summer ago when he left me here,
A summer of smiles with never a tear,
Till I said to him with a sob, My dear!
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night!
And my cheeks for him flashed red and white
When he first called me his heart's delight!
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

The touch of his hand was a thing divine,
As he sat with me in the soft moonshine
And drank of my love as men drink wine;
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

And never a night as I knelt in prayer,
In a gown as white as our own souls were,
But in fancy he came and kissed me there;
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

But now, O God! what an empty place
My whole heart is! Of the old embrace
And the kiss I loved, there is not a trace;
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

He sailed not over the stormy sea,
And he went not down in the waves, not he;
But oh, he is lost, for he married me;
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

—James Whitcomb Riley, in Chicago Herald.

### Led Into the Valley of Death.

"There is also a 'Valley of Death' in America, although not many people are aware of its location," said Col. Benjamin G. Gleason, an old California pioneer, who is registered at the Tremont House. He said if the valley in this country is not as ghastly, it is as aptly named.

"A band of immigrants known as 'The Montgomery Train,' consisting of nearly 100 families, perished in a valley north of the old Mormon road in Utah about forty years ago, and that is why the spot is known as the 'Valley of Death,'" continued the old pioneer. "It was a Mormon horror. Simply because some of the immigrants had displeased some of the Mormon inhabitants along the route, they were led to their death by a Mormon guide. The place is thirty-six miles square and surrounded by mountains so steep they cannot be climbed. There is one entrance to the spot, and that is where the train entered. Neither water nor vegetation is found there; beasts and birds shun the spot; nothing but sand abounds. Even the snakes avoid the place, there not being enough in the desolate region to furnish means of subsistence.

"The immigrants were en route to the Pacific coast, and it was to this barren region they were led by their guide, who, it is claimed, had instructions from the Mormon leaders to mislead the band and permit it to perish. The travellers reached the centre, and around and around the enclosure they wandered. The scorching sun poured down upon them, and children crying for warer died on their mothers' breasts. Then the mothers with swollen tongues and burning vitals lay down in the sun to die. Strong men stretched themselves in death, and the animals followed.

"It was thirteen months after the band perished before the place was revisted. During all this time the absence of the immigrants was not explained. Finally, when the Kansas Pacific engineers were exploring the unknown region they discovered the barren spot. The train was scattered all over the the valley. The wagons stood complete, while the skeletons of men, women, children, and beasts lay bleaching in the sun. The Mormon horror is one of the many crimes that has darkened the record of civilization in Utah. The wiping out of polygamy in this country, if it ever is wiped out, will never erase the stain it left in the barren region north of the old Mormon road."—Chicago Tribune.

### The Druggist's Water Bottles.

"There is one question that is often asked men in the drug line," says Conrad Fischer, "which puzzles us considerably. It is as to the why and wherefore of the glass bottles filled with colored water. Like the barber's pole, this symbol has been in use in various ceuntries for centuries, or at any rate for a period behind which the records go not; but the ordinary sources of information, while eloquent about the barber's pole are silent as to the druggist's bottle. There is no doubt that originally the color of the water was red, just as many physicians in this and other countries hang red lamps outside their office-doors. In both instances the idea was originally to call attention to the fact that a doctor or bleeder dwelt within. Later on, as the profession of prescribing and dispensing medicines came to be divided, and as bleeding died out as a surgical remedy, the emblem lost its force, and was continued only as a thing of beauty. Then the variation in shades and color followed as a matter of course, and the pretty bottles with the light struggling through the colored water form an agreeable feature in the windows of drug stores. They are being crowded out by the growing custom of sundries competing with drugs and chemicals, but the old custom and emblem will die hard, and will scarcely be succeeded by a more appropriate or pleasing one."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Denman Thompson's Mantle.

"Every race day, rain, hail or shine, an old man, whose pleasant, ruddy face, topped off by a luxuriant head of snow-white hair, is very attractive, may be seen wending his way up the hill that leads to the Guttenburg race track. I meet him going up the hill very often," says a bookmaker, "and nearly alway catch a glimpse of him in the betting ring afterward. The old man is the veteran actor, Denman Thompson, of the Old Homestead, Joshua Whitcomb and kindred plays, and he is the most inveterate speculator in the United States. Never a race day goes by but what he puts down one or two big wagers, and in my opinion he wins much oftener than he loses. The old actor is one of the shrewdest players that I know, and he never risks a $5 bill unless he "knows something." The "touts" all know him, and he has the call on the market always when there is a good "tip" going. He rarely ever bets less than $100, and I have bets entered on some old sheets of his that go way up in the thousands."

## ALMOST OUT OF THE WORLD.

**The Swanetans, a Curious People Living in the Heart of the Caucasus.**

Before the Anthropological Society of St. Petersburg, a member, Dr. Olderogge, read recently an interesting paper on the results of his explorations in the heart of Caucasia. He had penetrated where few explorers had been before. He came to Swaneta, a long but narrow valley at the foot of the Elburz Mountain, through which the river Ingoora winds. For most of the year Swaneta is isolated entirely from the world, and even in the summer season the mountain passes leading to the locality are made extremely dangerous by water currents, avalanches, and falling rocks. There is a strange semi-savage people in the valley numbering about 9,000 families. They subsist on their chase for wild animals of which there is an abundance in the mountains, and in the mild season of the year plant just as much grain as is required for their immediate necessity. Every now and then a Swanetan will wander away from his secluded home into a more civilized neighborhood to sell a few hides and to get in exchange a few things that he misses in his native valley, such as cloth, cotton fabrics, and some articles of apparel. But this he does very seldom and with great unwillingness, for his needs are few and his native valley has made him love isolation. They speak a dialect the principal element of which is corrupt Georgian, with Persian and Kirguese terms of speech strongly intermixed. They are of a pacific nature and extremely shy of strangers. Dr. Olderogge introduced himself to them as a hawker, and, trying to trade with them drew them into conversation and made his studies and observations.

The dress and manner of living of the Swanetans present a striking contrast to the dwellings they occupy. They cover their bodies with hides in the winter and go about half naked in the warm season of the year; of cleanliness and comfort they know nothing, and there are no luxuries among them. But they live in ancient castles of magnificent construction, though more than half ruined. There is quite a number of such castles in the mountains that encircle the Swanetan valley. The Swanetans have a sort of writing, and their folk lore is rich in curious traditions and quaint legends, pointing to a time when their intercourse with the world was more frequent than at present, and when they ranked among the strong and civilized people of the region. But all this is dying out with them. They worship four divinities and sacrifice animals unto them. Their conception of those deities are strikingly suggestive of corruptive notions of the Trinity and the Virgin, and indicate that they were once Christians, but lapsed into heathenism before Christianity took deep root among them. They are strangers to all that we accept as social morality, and live in incestuous intercourse.

The physical deformities of the Swanetans are commensurate with their moral deterioration, and show that they must have lived as they live now for many generations. Their heads are flattened at the back and abnormally elongated in the temples; they are marked with strong prognatism and with diasthem of both the upper and lower teeth. As a consequence of cretism, which is prevalent among them, nearly all the Swantans have goitres, which begin to develop at a very early age. It is interesting to notice that a branch of the same people living more southerly in the district called Didian-Swaneta, more accessible to the influences of the outside world, presents a more normal element, both morally and physically, than the Swanetans here described.

### A Postal Curiosity.

A curiously addressed letter passed lately through the post office of Madrid, which was deciphered and correctly delivered, notwithstanding all difficulties. The address was a perfect rebus. At the left hand side was the figure of a lady; it was clear therefore to which sex the recipient should belong. Over the lady's head the sun was rising; hence her name was inferred to be Aurora. For her surname stood a hill, with a castle at its foot, which gives us "Montes y Castillo." Next comes the town, for which the plan of a city was drawn, on which the name Alahambra was legible. This indicated Granada, but in order to leave no doubt possible a pomegranate was drawn beside the plan.

To complete the address, a plumber was indicated in one of the streets of the city plan. The postal authorities took three days to study this curiosity, and then triumphantly delivered the letter to "Senorita Aurora Montes y Castillo, Azacayas No. 20 Granada," and, so far from censuring the sender, they had the envelope photographed and a copy printed in the Madrid papers as a proof of the intelligence of the department.—Manchester Times.

### Knell of a Broken Heart.

In the shops of the C. H. and D. R. R. at Hamilton, Ohio, is a cracked locomotive bell that has a history. It was attached to a locomotive presided over by a strong, manly, handsome engineer, whose great objects of pride and adoration were first his sweetheart then his faithful engine. He loved them both devoutedly, though, of course, in quite different ways. One day at Hamilton he stood in the cab of the engine, bell-rope in hand, ready to move the lever and start the train, when he saw a bridal party approaching. He glanced at the bride. It was the girl he loved. His heart stopped beating, he gave a groan and dropped—dead. As he fell with the bell-rope in his hand he gave the bell a loud ring that cracked it from top to bottom, and it was found afterward that he had literally died of a broken heart. The bell in the shops at Hamilton is still called "the bell of the broken heart."—St. Louis Republic.

"BEST OF ALL MEDICINES!"

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

(*Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.*)

THE GREAT TONIC AND RESTORATIVE.

***All who need a strengthening medicine—all who are nervous, weak, tired, languid, exhausted in nerve power and physical strength; who are sleepless wake tired and unrefreshed, without strength and energy for the day's work; who have poor blood, headache, backache, dyspepsia, indigestion, gas, bloating, faint feelings, loss of appetite, constipation, kidney or liver complaint, should read the following:***

"I was broken down with nervous and physical prostration before using Dr. Greene's Nervura, and life was a burden. *I wish I could shout loud enough so all the world could hear, and tell them the good* Dr. Greene's Nervura *has done for me.* It has made me from a *weak, trembling, nervous, irritable* man to one who feels he is on the high way to long years of health and happiness through Dr. Greene's Nervura.

ANDREW H. OLNEY,
Gibson, Steuben Co., N. Y."

"Dr. Greene's Nervura is a wonderful remedy for nervous prostration and those terrible tired, weak feelings that make life a burden. I feel that I cannot say enough in its praise for what it has done for me. *I wish every poor, tired woman on the face of the earth* could be induced to try it for three days. They would then understand its value, and life would not seem so wearisome and undesirable.

ETTA E. HAVEN,
41 Negers St., Webster, Mass.

*DR. GREENE'S NERVURA is the best strengthening Tonic, Invigorator and Restorative in existence, for it makes the weak strong, invigorates the tired and overworked brain, enriches and vitalizes the blood, nerves the weary limbs and restores health and strength. Use it, sufferer, and you will never regret it. Druggists, $1.00.*

Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th St., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. *Send for symptom blank.*


## RICHEST WOMAN IN AMERICA.

**Hetty Green, Who Some Say is Worth $40,000,000.**

"Speaking of women, here is Hetty Green, who, however, is not a widow. But were Hetty in the market I could hardly present her as a model," says a writer in the Troy (N. Y.) Times. "Her character indeed has some highly objectionable features, but in point of business qualifications she has few equals in the country. Her thrift is sullied by parsimony and her wealth has only rendered her miserly, but such cases are not limited to her sex. Overlooking these defects, however, she is a remarkable specimen of executive ability in all the details of finance. Hetty's defects, indeed, are the result of heredity, and therefore she is not entirely to blame. Her father, the late Edwin M. Robinson, of New Bedford, was miserly in the extreme, and having made a good start in the whaling business he gradually piled up $6,000,000. He sent her to the city for education, and she was noticed by some rich families of New Bedford origin (including the Grinnells), but her parsimonious dress and ill appearance generally prevented her reception into good society, and she returned home to pursue the natural inclination to hoard money.

"Her marriage was the mere combination of two fortunes. Edward H. Green had been for some years in the China trade and was worth nearly $1,000,000, but the vastly greater wealth of Hetty Robinson was an irresistible attraction, even though he could not control it. Hetty, indeed, placed him under an ante-nuptial agreement which barred any benefit, except the repute which the connection with a rich woman might afford. Soon after marriage Green began speculating in Wall street, and his wife was encouraged by his success. This led her to guarantee his account at Cisco's bank to the amount of $400,000. Not long afterwards, however, he lost all his fortune by a bad change in the market and exhausted his credit at Cisco's to its full extent.

"The banker notified Hetty of her responsibility, which excited her wrath, and she immediately posted down and demanded the payment of all her funds. Cisco was not able to meet this, and thereupon Hetty forced him to close his doors and announce suspension of payments. This was the first time a woman ever closed a first class banking house. Hetty then determined to do the speculating herself and make Green stay at home. She operated with great boldness and success and has been a wonder to the general crowd of bulls and bears. Her investments are carefully watched and the income is immediately reinvested, and in this manner Hetty has accumulated a score of millions—some, indeed, estimate the amount at double that sum. Hetty lives privately in order to avoid taxes. For this reason she left the city and took an humble residence in a Long Island village. Such is Hetty Green. I do not mention her as an ornament to her sex, but merely to show that the latter can hold a place among capitalists and Wall street operators in a bold and independent "


CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

Nearly every pattern of 5/A *Horse Blanket* is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it *hasn't the warp threads*, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much: The fact that 5/A *Horse Blankets* are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the 5/A trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

Ask for 5/A Five Mile, Boss, Electric, Extra Test, Baker

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NEW MUSIC BOOK.

On the first day of May we shall place on the market Professor CHARLES F. ESCHER'S NEW BOOK, entitled

OUR HEART'S DELIGHT; or, Sweet Melodies of the Past and Present.

being a compilation of vocal and instrumental music, adapted to piano or organ. The work will contain the best and most popular selections of the renowned authors of this and foreign countries. 32 full-page lithographs of famous vocalists, instrumentalists and composers. Nearly 400 pages. Size 10 x 12 inches. Durably bound in cloth, stamped with appropriate design. This work is especially intended for musicians who desire a variety of choice pieces. Contains plenty for the beginner, and a good supply for the lesperienced. Over 4000 advance orders already received. AGENTS WANTED in every town to begin at once. We guarantee satisfaction, and refer you to Dun's or Bradstreet's agencies for our responsibility. Goods on 30 days' credit. For special terms, etc., address

H. J. HEINZ & CO., Publishers, 234-236 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

*Always open*—the offer made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's a reward of $500 cash for an incurable case of catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. They'll carry it out, too. It's one thing to make the offer. It's a very different thing to make it good. It couldn't be done, except with an extraordinary medicine. But that's what they have. By it's mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. It doesn't simply palliate for a time, or drive the disease to the lungs. It produces a perfect and permanent cure. Try it and see.

If you can't be cured, you'll be paid.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist fifty cents and the trial begins.

If you're wanting the $500 you'll get something better—*a cure!*

## Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, and whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

## To Get

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's won'd last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other.

## Hood's

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. Ella A. Goff, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

## Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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### Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, June 24, 1891.

| | |
|---|---|
| Red Wheat, per bushel | $1 00 |
| Mixed wheat, per bushel | 95 |
| Buckwheat, new, per bushel | 50 |
| Rye per bushel | 60 |
| Corn (shelled) | 70 |
| Corn (ears) | 70 |
| Oats | 50 |
| Barley | 60 |
| Cloverseed, fair to good | 4.60 |
| do prime and extra prime | 4.40 |
| do choice | 4.80 |
| Flour, retail, per barrel | 5 60 |
| Flour, wholesale | 5 20 |
| Hay choice mixed, per ton | 9.00 |
| " prime timothy " " | 9 50 |
| " choice " " " | 10 00 |

—of—

### Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

| | |
|---|---|
| Apples, dried, per pound | 15 |
| Green apples, per bushel | 3 60 |
| Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded | 10 |
| Dried Currants, per pound | 10 |
| New Raisins, per pound | 10—12½ |
| Beans, per quart | 10 |
| Fresh Butter, per pound | 10 |
| Cheese, per pound | 16 |
| Country Hams, per pound | 8 |
| Hams, sugar cured | 13 |
| Shoulders | 10 |
| Breakfast Bacon | 12½—14 |
| Country Bacon | 8 |
| Lard, leaf, per pound | 10 |
| Lard, country, per pound | 8 |
| Eggs, per dozen | 15 |
| Potatoes, per bushel | 1 25 |
| New Potatoes, per bushel | 2 00 |
| Dried Beef | 20 |
| Canned Beef, 2 pound can | 20 |
| Country Hide, per pound | 8 |
| Canned Tomatoes, per can | 10—12 ½15 |
| Canned Corn, per can | 10—12½—15 |
| Lemons, per dozen | 40 |
| Dried Sweet Corn, per pound | 10 |
| Apple Butter, per gallon | 1 00 |
| Keller Flour, per sack | 1 40 |


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—POST OFFICES:—

Milesburg and Bellefonte, Penna.


## MARRIAGE ON TICK.

**Telegraph Offices Have Now Become Matrimonial Bureaus.**

When telegraph companies opened their offices to women operators they did not forsee that they were establishing a matrimonial bureau on a large scale with an agency in every town where there was a telegraph instrument. Assistant Superintendent Hammond of the Western Union Company says that the marriages are so frequent in the office that it makes many annoying changes. Just as soon as a woman gets broken in thoroughly and can handle a heavy wire almost as well as a man, if she is bright, pretty or has anything attractive about her, nine times out of ten she will fall in love with some telegraph sharp and get married. In most cases the women quit work and go into the housekeeping business while the husband thumps the key twice as hard to keep from going into bankruptcy. A new operator has to be broken in, and then it is the same old story over again. Mr. Hammond says that the companies would give up women operators altogether in the large offices if it were not for the sake of economy.

There is another branch in the matrimonial line of which telegraphers have the monopoly. To fall in love at first sight is the lot of many, but it is reserved for telegraphers alone to fall in love without a sight at all. The little instrument with its brass key and sounding plate is made to take the place of eyes and stamp upon the brain the image of the one adored, though a thousand miles away.

There was a romance of this sort in the Western Union office recently which did not end in the usual way, and there is a heart laid up for repairs. A heavy "click, click" came on the Pittsburgh wire in the morning that caused pretty Ida Wilson to start with surprise. It was a man's touch surely and for more than a year Miss Wilson, the operator at this end, had been taking messages from a woman. A change had evidently been made in the Pittsburgh office. When the long meseage had been received the young lady asked the name of the sender, and the answer came back with a heavy touch, "Bob." The ice was broken and Bob and Ida became friends and then lovers. Before the last "good night" was given each day "darling," "pet," "a million kisses," and other sweet things when humming back and forth over the wire. All the symptoms of marriage were manifested and the time came when an interchange of pictures was requested. Ida got some taken with all the extra frills to make her look prettier than ever, and she sent one to Bob. She waited anxiously for a reply. It came in a few day. It was a big envelope, and her fingers trembled so that she could hardly break the seal. The picture fell on the floor and the big black eyes twinkling with mirth, looked up at her. The black mustache that she had heard about was not there, but instead there was a little roguish mouth, a big curly bang and just the sweetest girl's face that ever was anywhere. Love changed to hate in a second, and the pretty face was spoiled by an angry heel. It is not safe to mention love or "Bob" now in the Western Union office, at short range, near the Pittsburg wire.—N. Y. Recorder.

**A Costly Game of Baccarat.**

"Did you ever hear how the Marquis de Caux lost Patti?" asked a Russian gentleman who was in Chicago a short time ago. "He lost her through his passion for cards," he went on, "and baccarat was the game. No, he did not make a bet of her; but her running off with Nicolini was a result of the noble husband's gambling. It was at St. Petersburg, where Patti was singing, that the rupture occurred. The Marquis was introduced at the Yacht Club, where high play at baccarat was going on. Here, as at the Jockey Club at Paris, a visitor is given unlimited credit, the member who introduces him being responsible. The Marquis lost many thousands of francs more than he could raise next day; so he took his wife's casket of jewels and placed it in the hands of his creditors. These were Russian officers. They at once returned the jewels to the diva, sending a note to the effect that they could not accept as the spoils of fortune the jewels which had been earned by a woman. This disgusted Patti with her noble Marquis, and it was immediately afterwards that the world heard that she had eloped with the tenor."—Chicago Tribune.

**Dyspepsia of the Mind.**

Benjamin Franklin said he made himself an educated man simply by learing things when he wanted them. Whenever he had use for any kind of knowledge, he acquired it. His appetite was good, his mental digestion was in order, and hence he assimilated his knowledge and made it a part of his intellectual organization.

A man cannot be made wise upon knowledge which he doesn't want to learn, any more than he can be made strong upon pie which he doesn't want to eat. Compulsory pie can only result in dyspepsia, and compulsory knowledge is inevitably followed by intellectual indigestion. There are thousands of men who are graduating from our colleges at this season of the year who, from the very nature of the case, must be mentally dyspeptic.—Boston Globe.

**Why Cigarettes Kill.**

A post-mortem examination of two boys who died from excessive cigarette smoking took place at Prairie du Chien the other day. The result of the autopsy was to show that there was phosphorous in the stomach, and the symptoms indicated that death was caused by this substance, combined with nicotine and an arsenical solution used in the preparation of the cigarettes.—Pall Mall Budget.


## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

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From Rev James M Potts, D D. editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*, Detroit Michigan To say that we are delighted with the piano, does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearance and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred.

From Mrs A G Silverheels, Corydon, Warren county, Pa.: We are well pleased with the organ. Good tone and found to be as represented. jly23 1y

**Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.**

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee, or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will affect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. **It never Fails.** The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PASTOR KOENIGS TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

**A Perfect Success.** VII

The Rev. A. Antoine Refugio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.

Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness of the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body, but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.
FERDINAND BRENN,
274 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, March, 1891.

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**Stories of the Circus Ring.**

"Circus fights sometimes are simply awful; they are always bloody and brutal. The trouble usually commences in earnest after the evening performance and just at the time when every circus hand is busy in helping to strike the tents. At Youngstown, O., two years ago Barnum's show was attacked by a gang of rolling-mill men and a terrible fight followed. Two of the assailants were killed outright and the next day the body of another was fished out of the Mahoning river.

"The worst fight we ever had was at San Antonio, Tex., about five or six years ago. The evening performance had scarcely begun when a trio of drunken toughs raised a dirturbance in the circus tent and were promptly pitched out by our rustlers. The gang immediately organized outside the tents and began the fight by cutting the ropes. One menagerie tent collapsed, but we saved the big circus tent and finished the performance. Just as soon as the audience poured out, however, and the circus hand attempted to strike the tents a pitched battle ensued. The assailants most of whom were negroes, immediately extinguished the torches by the light of which the canvasmen work and a terrible fight in the dark began. Every one of the combatants had some sort of weapon other than those nature gave him—tent stakes, stones, sticks, pieces of chain, knives, and in fact, whatever could be caught up. It was a half hour before the police succeeded in organizing a force strong enough to stop the fight. Upon the ground were seven corpses; two of them were buried at Mr. Forepaugh's expense.—Chicago Mail.

**Children Sold for Old Clothes.**

If an Esquimau family is very poor they sometimes give away to childless neighbors all their children but one. Thus during childhood a boy may pass from one to another to be adopted by several families in turn. Children are sold by their parents, the usual price being a seal skin bag of oil or a suit of old clothes.

During infancy children are carried under the parka, astride of the mother's back, being held in position by a strap under the child's thighs and around the mother's body across the chest. When out from under the parka they are carried seated on the back of the mother's neck and shoulders, with the child's legs hanging down in front on both sides of the neck. The children are given the names of various animals, birds, fish, sections of country, winds, tides, heavenly bodies, etc. Sometimes they have as many as six names.

Children are rarely punished, generally having their own way, and are usually treated with great kindness by their own or foster parents. Prominent events in the life of a boy, such as having his hair cut for the first time like a hunter, his first trip to sea in a kiak his first use of snow-shoes, etc., are celebrated by a feast, if the family are not too poor.

**Oddities About Fleas.**

Nothing curious about a flea, eh? Let us see. Put one under a strong microscope. What a transformation! It seems to be clothed in armor "from head to foot," formed of brown, overlapping plates, that are so exceedingly tough as to be almost indistructible. Its head is small and very thin, with a single black eye on each side, the rays of light scintillating through the tiny optic like sparks of fire. Puget managed to look through the eye of a flea with his powerful glass, finding that its surface diminished objects in size while it multiplied them in number—a man appearing like an army of fairies, and the flame of a candle becoming a thousand tiny stars. From the shape of its head, and for other reasons, the flea is supposed to use but one eye at a time. The offensive weapon of the little creature is composed of two palpi, or "feelers," two piercers and a tongue. When it feeds it stands erect, thrusting this sucker into the flesh, and will eat without intermission if not disturbed.

The flea's manner of breathing is still undetermined, but it is thought to be through two small holes at the end of the palpi.—St. Louis Republic.

**The Engagement Ring.**

The girl that has only a commonplace solitare engagement ring might just as well have said "No" to the old question. The girl who tries to look down on her, with her heart-shaped hoop of blood-red rubies or shimmering pearls, is an object of pity, just the same, and the victim of mistaken ideas, for the proper ring indicative of plighted troth must contain the features of the beloved giver set beneath a large, clear and perfectly flat diamond, in a frame of small surrounding emeralds, rubies, or sapphires.

In exchange for this somewhat massive fetter the lady gives her fiance a pencil case of gold or silver, with a miniature portrait of herself, set in the end of the case beneath the large, clear diamond, in a circle of tiny jewels.—N. Y. Sun.

**She Left Them.**

A nervous woman was on board a Main Central train the other day, on her way to Auburn. At every station she jumped up and asked, "Is this Auburn?" although the newsboy had assured her often that she should be notified when that place was reached.

At last the place was reached, the name of the station was called, and as it happened the newsboy was near at hand.

Do I—do I—do I leave the cars here?" inquired the anxious passenger.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the newsboy, "unless you wish to take them with you."

The lady looked several volumes at him, and slammed the door as she went out.—Lewiston Journal.


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# THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"They look like Mahdi's men," said Torpenhow, elbowing himself into the crush of the square; "but what thousands of 'em there are! The tribes hereabout aren't against us, I know."

"Then the Mahdi's taken another town," said Dick, "and set all these yelping devils free to chaw us up. Lend us your glass."

"Our scouts should have told us of this. We've been trapped," said a subaltern. "Are'nt the camel guns ever going to begin? Hurry up your men!"

There was no need for any order. The men flung themselves panting against the sides of the square, for they had good reason to know that whoso was left outside when the fighting begun would probably die in an extremely unpleasant fashion. The little 150-pound camel guns posted at one corner of the square opened the ball as the square moved forward by its right to get possession of a knoll of rising ground. All had fought in this manner many times before, and there was no novelty in the entertainment; always the same hot and stifling formation, the smell of dust and leather, the same bolt-like rush of the enemy, the same pressure on the weakest side of the square, the few minutes of desperate hand-to-hand scuffle, and then the silence of the desert, broken only by the yells of those whom the handful of cavalry attempted to pursue. They had grown careless. The camel guns spoke at intervals, and the square slouched forward amid the protests of the camels. Then came the attack of three thousand men, who had not learned from books that it is impossible for troops in close order to attack against breech-loading fire. A few dropping shots heralded their approach, and a few horsemen led, but the bulk of the force was naked humanity, mad with rage, and armed with the spear and the sword. The instinct of the desert, where there is always much war, told them that the right flank of the square was the weakest, for they swung clear of the front. The camel guns shelled them as they passed, and opened for an instant lanes through their midst, most like those quick-closing vistas in a Kentish hop garden, seen when the train races by at full speed; and the infantry fire, held till the opportune moment, dropped them in close-packed hundreds. No civilized troops in the world could have endured the hell through which they came, the living leaping high to avoid the dead clutching at their heels, the wounded cursing and staggering forward till they fell—a torrent black as the sliding water above a milldam—full on the right flank of the square. Then the line of the dusty troops and the faint blue desert sky overhead went out in rolling smoke, and the little stones on the heated ground and the tinder-dry clumps of scrub became matters of surpassing interest, for men measured their agonized retreat and recovery by these things counting mechanically and hewing their way back to chosen pebble and branch. There was no semblance of any concerted fighting. For aught the men knew, the enemy might be attempting all four sides of the square at once. Their business was to destroy what lay in front of them, to bayonet in the back those who passed over them, and, dying, to drag down the slayer till he could be knocked on the head by some avenging gun butt. Dick waited quietly with Torpenhow and a young doctor till the stress became unendurable. There was no hope of attend-

*Dick was conscious that somebody had cut him violently across his helmet*

ing to the wounded till the attack was repulsed, so the three moved forward gingerly toward the weakest side. There was a rush from without, the short *hough-hough* of the stabbing spears, and a man on a horse, followed by thirty or forty others, dashed through, yelling and hacking. The right flank of the square sucked in after them, and the other sides sent help. The wounded, who knew that they had but a few hours to live, caught at the enemy's feet and brought them down, or staggering to a discarded rifle, fired blindly into the scuffle, that raged in the center of the square. Dick was conscious that somebody had cut him violently across his helmet; that he had fired his revolver into a black, foam-flecked face, which forthwith ceased to bear any resemblance to a face, and that Torpenhow had gone down under an Arab whom he had tried to "collar low," and was turned over and over with his captive, feeling for the man's eyes. The doctor was jabbing at a venture with a bayonet and a helmetless soldier was firing over Dick's shoulder. The flying grains of powder stung his cheek. It was to Torpenhow that Dick turned by instinct. The representative of the Central Southern Syndicate had shaken himself clear of his enemy, and rose, wiping his thumb on his trousers. The Arab, both hands to his forehead, screamed aloud, then snatched up his spear and rushed at Torpenhow, who was panting under shelter of Dick's revolver. Dick fired twice, and the man dropped limply. His upturned face lacked one eye. The musketry fire redoubled, but cheers mingled with it. The rush had failed, and the enemy were flying. If the heart of the square were shambles, the ground beyond was a butcher's shop. Dick thrust his way forward between the maddened men. The remnants of the enemy were retiring, and the few, the very few—English cavalry were riding down the laggards.

Beyond the lines of the dead a broad blood-stained Arab spear cast aside in the retreat lay across a stump of scrub, and beyond this again the illimitable dark levels of the desert. The sun caught the steel and turned it into a savage red disk. Some one behind him was saying, "Ah, get away, you brute!" Dick raised his revolver and pointed toward the desert. His eye was held by the red splash in the distance, and the clamor about him seemed to die down to a very faraway whisper, like the whisper of a level sea. There was the revolver and the red light, and the voice of some one scaring something away, exactly as had fallen somewhere before—probably in a past life. Dick waited for what should happen afterward. Something seemed to crack inside his head, and for an instant he stood in the dark—a darkness that stung. He fired at random, and the bullet went out across the desert as he muttered. "Spoilt my aim. There aren't any more cartridges. We shall have to run home." He put his hand to his head and brought it away covered with blood.

"Old man, you're cut rather badly, said Torpenhow. "I owe you something for this business. Thanks. Stand up! I say, you can't be ill here."

Dick had fallen stiffly on Torpenhow's shoulder, and was muttering something about aiming low and to the left. Then he sank to the ground and was silent. Torpenhow dragged him off to a doctor and sat down to work up his account of what he was pleased to call "a sanguinary battle, in which our arms had acquitted themselves," &c.

All that night, when the troops were encamped by the whaleboats, a black figure danced in the strong moonlight on the sand bar and shouted that "Khartoum the accursed one was dead—was dead—was dead; that two steamers were rock-staked on the Nile outside the city, and that of all their crews there remained not one; and Khartoum was dead—was dead—was dead."

But Torpenhow took no heed. He was watching Dick, who was calling aloud to the restless Nile for Maisie—and again Maisie!

"Behold a phenomenon," said Torpenhow, rearranging the blanket. "Here is a man, presumably human, who mentions the name of one woman only. And I've seen a good deal of delirium, too. Dick, here's some fizzy drink."

"Thank you, Maisie," said Dick.

## CHAPTER III.

The Soudan campaign and Dick's broken head had been some months ended and mended, and the Central Southern Syndicate had paid Dick a certain sum on account for work done, which work they were careful to assure him was not altogether up to their standard. Dick heaved the letter into the Nile at Cairo, cashed the draft in the same town, and bade a warm farewell to Torpenhow at the station.

"I am going to lie up for a while and rest," said Torpenhow. "I don't know where I shall live in London, but if God brings us to meet, we shall meet. Are you staying here on the off chance of another row? There will be none till the Southern Soudan is reoccupied by our troops. Mark that. Good-by, bless you, come back when your money's spent and give me your address."

Dick loitered in Cairo, Alexandria, Ismailia, and Port Said, especially Port Said. There is iniquity in many parts of the world, and vice in all, but the concentrated essence of all the iniquities and all the vices in all the continents finds itself at Port Said. And through the heart of that sand-bordered hell, where the mirage flickers all day long above the Bitter Lakes, move if you only wait, most of the men and women you have known in this life. Dick established himself in quarters more riotous than respectable. He spent his evenings on the quay, and boarded made ships, and saw very many friends—gracious Englishwomen with whom he had talked not too wisely in the veranda of Shephards' Hotel, hurrying war correspondents, skippers of the contract troop ships employed in the campaign, army officers by the score, and others of less reputable trades. He had choice of all the races of the East and West for studies, and the advantage of seeing his subjects under the influence of strong excitement, at the gaming tables, saloons, dancing halls, and elsewhere. For recreation there was the straight vista of the canal, the blazing sands, the procession of shipping, and the white hospitals where the English soldiers lay. Dick strove to pen down in black and white and color all that Providence sent him, and when the supply was ended sought about for fresh material. It was a fascinating employment, but it ran away with his money, and he had drawn in advance the hundred and twenty pounds to which he was entitled yearly. "Now I shall have to work and starve!" thought he, and was addressing himself to this new fate, when a mysterious telegram arrived from Torpenhow in England which said: "Come back, quick; you have caught on. Come." A large smile overspread his face. "So soon! that's good hearing," said he to himself. "There will be an orgy to-night. I'll stand or fall by my luck. Faith, it's time it came!" He deposited half of his funds in the hands of his well-known friends, Monsieur and Madame Binat, and ordered himself a Zanzibar dance of the finest. Monsieur Binat was shaking with drink, but Madame smiled sympathetically.

"Monsieur needs a chair, of course, and of course Monsieur will sketch; Monsieur amuses himself strangely."

Binat raised a blue-white face from a cot in the inner room. "I understand," he quavered. "We all know Monsieur is an artist, as I have been." Dick nodded. "In the end," said Binat, with gravity, "Monsieur will descend alive into hell, as I have descended." And he laughed.

"You must come to the dance, too," said Dick; "I shall want you."

"For my face? I knew it would be so. For my face! My God! and for my degradation so tremendous! I will not. Take him away. He is a devil. Or at least do thou, Celeste, demand of him more."

The excellent Binat began to kick and scream.

"All things are for sale in Port Said," said Madame. "If my husband comes it will be so much more. Eh, 'ow you call—'alf a sovereign."

The money was paid, and the mad dance came off that night in a walled courtyard at the back of Madame Binet's house. The lady herself, in faded mauve silk always about to slide from her yellow shoulders, played the piano, and to the tin-pot music of a Western waltz the naked Zanzibari girls danced furiously by the light of kerosene lamps. Binat sat upon a chair and stared with eyes that saw nothing, till the whirl of the dance and the clang of the rattling piano stole into the drink that took the place of blood in his veins, and his face glistened. Dick took him by the chin brutally and turned that face to the light. Madam Binat looked over her shoulder and smiled

*"Am I that?" he screamed.*

with many teeth. Dick leaned against the wall and sketched for an hour, till the kerosene lamps began to smell, and the girls threw themselves panting on the hard-beaten ground. Then he shut his book with a snap and moved away. Binat plucked feebly at his elbow, "Show me," he whimpered, "I, too was once an artist, even I!" Dick showed him the rough sketch. "Am I that?" he screamed. "Will you take that away with you and show all the world that it is I, Binat?" He moaned and wept.

"Monsieur has paid for all," said Madame. "To the pleasure of seeing Monsieur again."

The courtyard gate shut, and Dick hurried up the sandy street to the nearest gambling hell, where he was known. "If the luck holds, it's an amen; if I lose, I must stay here." He placed his money picturesquely about the board, hardly daring to look at what he did. Three turns of the wheel left him richer by twenty pounds, and he went down to the shipping to make friends with the Captain of a decayed cargo steamer, who landed him in London with fewer pounds in his pocket than he cared to think about.

A thin gray fog hung over the city, and the streets were very cold; for the summer was in England.

"It's a cheerful wilderness, and it hasn't the knack of altering much," Dick thought, as he tramped from the docks westward. "Now, what must I do?"

The packed houses gave no answer. Dick looked down the long lightless streets and at the appalling rush of traffic. "Oh, you rabbit hutches!" said he, addressing a row of highly-respectable semi-detached residences. "Do you know what you've got to do later on? You have to supply me with men servants and maid servants" here he smacked his lips—"and the peculiar treasure of kings. Meantime I'll get clothes and boots, and presently I will return and trample on you." He stepped forward energetically; he saw that one of his shoes was burst at the side. As he stooped to make investigations a man jostled him into the gutter. "All right," he said. "That's another nick in the score. I'll jostle you later on."

Good clothes and boots are not cheap, and Dick left his last shop with the certainty that he would be respectably arrayed for a time, but with only fifty shillings in his pocket. He returned to streets by the Docks, and lodged himself in one room, where the sheets on the bed were almost audibly marked in case of theft, and where nobody seemed to go to bed at all. When his clothes arrived he sought the Central Southern Syndicate for Torpenhow's address, and got it, with the intimation that there was still some money owing to him.

"How much?" said Dick, as one who habitually dealt in millions.

"Between thirty and forty pounds. If it would be any convenience to you, of course we could let you have it at once; but we usually settle accounts monthly."

"If I show that I want anything now," I'm lost he said to himself. "All I need I'll take later on." Then, aloud, "It's hardly worth while; and I'm going into the country for a month, too. Wait till I come back, and I'll see about it."

"But we trust, Mr. Heldar, that you do not intend to sever your connection with us?"

Dick's business in life was the study of faces, and he watched the speaker keenly. "That man means something," he said. "I'll do no business till I've seen Torpenhow. There's a big deal coming." So he departed making no promises, to his one little room by the docks. And that day was the seventh of the month, and that month, he reckoned with awful distinctness, had thirty-one days in it!

It is not easy for a man of catholic tastes and healthy appetites to exist for twenty-four days on fifty shillings. Nor is it cheering to begin the experiment alone in all the loneliness of London. Dick paid seven shillings a week for his lodging, which left him rather less than a shilling a day for food and drink. Naturally, his first purchase was of the materials of his craft: he had been without them too long. Half a day's investigation and comparison brought him to the conclusion that sausages and mashed potatoes, twopence a plate, were the best food. Now, sausages once or twice a week for breakfast are not unpleasant. As lunch even with mashed potatoes, they become monotonous. As dinner they are impertinent. At the end of three days Dick loathed sausages, and going forth, pawned his watch to revel on sheep's head, which is not so cheap as it looks, owing to the bones and gravy. Then he returned to sausages and mashed potatoes. Then he confined himself entirely on mashed potatoes for a day, and was unhappy because of pain in his inside. Then he pawned his waistcoat and his tie, and thought regretfully of money thrown away in times past. There are few things more edifying unto Art than the actual belly-pinch of hunger, and Dick in his walks abroad—he did not care for exercise; it raised desires that could not be satisfied—found himself dividing mankind into two classes—those who looked as if they might give him something to eat, and those who looked otherwise. "I never knew what I had to learn about the human face before," he thought, and, as a reward for his humility, Providence caused a cab driver at a sausage shop where Dick fed that night to leave half eaten a great chunk of bread. Dick took it—would have fought all the world for its possession—and it cheered him.

A month dragged through at last, and, fairly prancing with impatience he went to draw his money. Then he hastened to Torpenhow's address, and smelt the smell of cooking meats along the corridors of the chambers. Torpenhow was on the top floor, and Dick burst into his room, to be received with a hug which nearly cracked his ribs as Torpenhow dragged him to the light and spoke of twenty different things in the same breath.

"But you're looking tucked up," he concluded.

"Got anything to eat?" said Dick, his eyes roaming around the room.

"I shall be having breakfast in a minute. What do you say to sausages?"

"No, anything but sausages. Torp. I've been starving on that accursed horse flesh for thirty days and thirty nights."

"Now what lunacy has been your latest?"

Dick spoke of the last few weeks with unbridled speech. Then he opened his coat; there was no waistcoat below. "I ran it fine, awfully fine, but I've just scraped through."

"You haven't much sense, but you've got a backbone, anyhow. Eat, and talk afterward." Dick fell upon eggs and bacon and gorged till he could gorge no more. Torpenhow handed him a filled pipe, and he smoked as men smoke who for three weeks have been deprived of good tobacco.

"Ouf!" said he. "That's heavenly. Well?"

"Why in the world didn't you come to me?"

"Couldn't; I owe you too much already, old man. Besides, I had a sort of superstition that this temporary starvation—that's what it was, and it hurt—would bring me more luck later. It's over and done with now, and none of the syndicate know how hard up I was. Fire away. What's the exact state of affairs as regards myself?"

"You had my wire! You've caught on here. People like your work immensely. I don't know why but they do. They say you have a fresh touch and a new way of drawing things. And, because they are chiefly home-bred English, they say you have insight. You're wanted by half a dozen papers; you're wanted to illustrate books."

Dick grunted scornfully.

"You're wanted to work up your smaller sketches and sell them to dealers. They seem to think the money sunk in you is a good investment. Good Lord! who can account for the fathomless folly of the public?"

"They're a remarkably sensible people."

"They are subject to fits, if that's what you mean; and you happen to be the object of the latest fit among those who are interested in what they call Art. Just now you're a fashion, a phenomenon, or whatever you please. I appear to be the only person who knew anything about you here, and I have been showing the most useful men a few of the sketches you gave me from time to time. Those coming after work on the Central Southern Syndicate appear to have done your business. You're in luck."

"Huh! call it luck! do call it luck. When a man has been kicking about the world like a dog waiting for it to come. I'll luck 'em later on. I want a place to work in first."

"Come here," said Torpenhow, crossing the landing. "This place is a big box-room really, but it will do for you. There's your skylight, or your north light, or whatever window you call it, and plenty of room to slash around in, and a bedroom. What more do you want?"

"Good enough," said Dick, looking round the large room that took up a third of a top story in the rickety chambers overlooking the Thames. A pale yellow sun shone through the skylight and showed the much dirt of the place. Three steps led from the door to the landing and three more to Torpenhow's room. The well of the staircase disappeared into darkness, pricked by tiny gas jets, and there were sounds of men talking and doors slamming seven flights below, in the warm gloom.

"Do they give you a free hand here?" said Dick, cautiously. He was Ishmael enough to know the value of liberty.

"Anything you like; latch keys and license unlimited. We are permanent tenants for the most part here. Tisn't a place I would recommend for a Young Men's Christian Association, but it will serve. I took these rooms for you when I wired."

"You're a great deal too kind, old man."

"You didn't suppose you were going away from me, did you?" Torpenhow put his hand on Dick's shoulder, and the two walked up and down the room, henceforth to be called the studio, in sweet and silent communion. They heard rapping at Torpenhow's door. "That's some ruffian come up for a drink," said Torpenhow; and he raised his voice cheerily. There entered no one more ruffianly than a portly middle-aged gentleman in a satin-faced frock coat. His lips were parted and pale, and there were deep pouches under the eyes.

"Weak heart," said Dick to himself, and, as he shook hands, "very weak heart. His pulse is shaking his fingers."

The man introduced himself as the head of the Central Southern Syndicate and "one of the most ardent admirers of your work, Mr. Heldar. I assure you, in the name of the syndicate, that we are immensely indebted to you! and I trust, Mr. Heldar, you won't forget that we were largely instrumental in bringing you before the public." He panted because of the seven flights of stairs.

Dick glanced at Torpenhow, whose left eyelid lay for a moment dead on his cheek.

"I shan't forget," said Dick, every instinct of defence roused in him. "You've paid me so well that I couldn't, you know. By the way when I am settled in this place I should like to send and get my sketches. There must be nearly 150 of them with you."

"That is er—is what I came to speak about. I fear we can't allow it exactly, Mr. Heldar. In the absence of any specified agreement, the sketches are our property, of course."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to keep them?"

"Yes; and we hope to have your help, on your own terms, Mr. Heldar, to assist us in arranging a little exhibition which, backed by our name and the influence we naturally command among the press, should be of material service to you. Sketches such as yours——"

"Belong to me. You engaged me by wire, you paid me the lowest rates you dared. You can't mean to keep them! Good God alive, man, they're all I've got in the world!"

Torpenhow watched Dick's face and whistled. Dick walked up and down, thinking. He saw the whole of his little stock in trade, the first weapon of his equipment, annexed at the outset of his campaign by an elderly gentleman whose name Dick had not caught aright, who said that he represented a syndicate, which was a thing for which Dick had not the least reverence. The injustice of the proceedings did not much move him; he had seen the strong hand prevail too often in other places to be squeamish over the moral aspects of right and wrong. But he ardently desired the blood of the gentleman in the frock coat, and when he spoke again it was with a strained sweetness that Torpenhow knew well for the beginning of strife.

"Forgive me, sir, but you have no—no younger man who can arrange this business with me?"

"I speak for the syndicate, I see no reason for a third party to——"

"You will in a minute. Be good enough to give back my sketches."

The man stared blankly at Dick and then at Torpenhow, who was leaning against the wall. He was not used to ex-employes who ordered him to be good enough to do things.

"Yes, it is rather a cold-blooded steal," said Torpenhow, critically, "but I'm afraid, I am very much afraid, you've struck the wrong man. Be careful, Dick. Remember, this isn't the Soudan."

"Considering what services the syndicate have done you in putting your name before the world—"

This was not a fortunate remark; it reminded Dick of certain vagrant years lived out in loneliness and strife and unsatisfied desires. The memory did not contrast well with the prosperous gentleman who proposed to enjoy the fruit of those years.

"I don't know quite what to do with you," began Dick, meditatively. "Of course you're a thief and you ought to be half killed, but in your case you'd probably die. I don't want you dead on this floor, and, besides, it's unlucky just as one's moving in. Don't hit, sir; you'll excite yourself." He put one hand on the man's forearm and ran the other down the plump body beneath the coat. "My goodness!" said he to Torpenhow, "and this gray oaf dares to be a thief! I have seen an Esneh camel driver have the black hide taken off his body in stripes for stealing half a pound of wet dates, and he was as tough as whipcord. This thing's soft all over—like a woman."

There are few things more poignantly humiliating than being handled by a man who does not intend to strike. The head of the syndicate began to breathe heavily. Dick walked around him, pawing him, as a cat paws a soft hearth rug. Then he traced with his forefinger the leaden pouches underneath the eyes, and shook his head. "You were going to steal my things—mine, mine, mine!—you, who don't know when you may die. Write a note to your office—you say you're the head of it—and order them to give Torpenhow my sketches every one of them. Wait a minute—your hand's shaking. Now!" He thrust a pocket-book before him. The note was written. Torpenhow took it and departed without a word while Dick walked round and round the spellbound captive, giving him such advice as he conceived best for the welfare of his soul. When Torpenhow returned with a gigantic portfolio, he heard Dick say soothingly, "Now I hope this will be a lesson to you; and if you worry me when I have settled down to work with any nonsense about actions for assault, believe me, I'll catch you and manhandle you, and you'll die. You haven't very long to live anyhow. Go, *Imshi, Voetsak*—get out!" The man departed, staggering and dazed. Dick drew a long breath: "Phew! what a lawless lot these people are! The first thing a poor orphan meets is gang robbery, organized burglary! Think of the hideous blackness of that man's mind! Are my sketches all right, Torp?"

"Yes; one hundred and forty-seven of them. Well, I must say, Dick, you've begun well."

"He was interfering with me. It only meant a few pounds to him, but it was everything to me. I don't think he'll bring an action. I gave him some medical advice gratis about the state of his body. It was cheap at the little flurry it cost him. Now let's look."

Two minutes later Dick had thrown himself down on the floor and was deep in the portfolio, chuckling lovingly as he turned the drawings over and thought of the price at which they had been bought.

The afternoon was well advanced when Torpenhow came to the door and saw Dick dancing a wild saraband under the skylight.

"I builded better than I knew, Torp," he said, without stopping the dance! "They're good! They're damned good! They'll go like flame! I shall have an exhibition of them on my own brazen hook. And that man would have cheated me out of it! Do you know that I'm sorry now that I didn't actually hit him?"

"Go out," said Torpenhow,—"go out and pray to be delivered from the sin of arrogance, which you never will be. Bring your things up from whatever place you're staying in, and we'll try to make this barn a little more shipshape."

"And then—oh, then," said Dick, still capering, "we will spoil the Egyptians!"

## CHAPTER IV.

The wolf cub at even lay bid in the corn,
When the smoke of the cooking hung gray:
He knew where the deer made a couch for her fawn,
And he looked to his strength for his prey.
But the moon swept the smoke wreaths away,
And he turned from his meal in the villager's close,
And he bayed to the moon as she rose.
—In Session.

"Well, and how does success taste?" said Torpenhow, some months later. He had just returned to the chambers after a holiday in the country.

"Good," said Dick, as he sat licking his lips before the easel in the studio. "I want more, heaps more. The lean years have passed and I approve of these fat ones."

"Be careful, old man. That way lies bad work."

Torpenhow was sprawling in a long chair with a small fox terrier asleep on his chest, while Dick was preparing a canvas. A dais, a background, and a lay-figure were the only fixed objects in the place. They rose from a wreck of oddments that began with felt-covered water bottles, belts, and regimental badges, and ended with a small bale of second-hand uniforms and a stand of mixed arms. The mark of muddy feet on the dais showed that a military model had just gone away. The watery autumn sunlight was falling, and shadows sat in the corners of the studio.

"Yes," said Dick, deliberately, "I like the power; I like the fun. I like the fuss; and above all I like the money. I almost like the people who make the fuss and pay the money. Almost. But they're a queer gang—an amazingly queer gang!"

"They have been good enough to you, at any rate. That tin-pot exhibition of your sketches must have paid. Did you see that the papers called it the 'Wild Work Show'?"

"Never mind. I sold every shred of canvas I wanted to; and, on my word, I believe it was because they believed I was a self-taught flag-stone artist. I should have got better prices if I had worked my things on wool or scratched them on camel bone instead of using mere black and white and color. Verily, they are a queer gang, these people. Limited isn't the word to describe 'em. I met a fellow the other day who told me that it was impossible that shadows on white sand should be blue—ultra-marine—as they are. I found out, later, that that man had been as far as Brighton beach; but he knew all about Art, confound him. He gave me a lecture on it, and recommended me to go to school to learn technique. I wonder what old Kami would have said to that."

"When were you under Kami, man of extraordinary beginnings?"

[illegible] two years in Paris. He [illegible] personal magnetism. All he ever said was, *'Continuez, mes enfants,'* and you had to make the best you could of that. He had a divine touch, and he knew something about color. Kami used to dream color. I swear he could never have seen the genuine article; but he evolved it, and it was good."

"Recollect some of those views in the Soudan?" said Torpenhow, with a provoking drawl.

Dick squirmed in his place. "Don't. It makes me want to get out there again. What color that was! Opal and umber and amber and claret and brick-red and sulphur—cockatoo-crest sulphur—against brown, with a nigger-black rock sticking up in the middle of it all, and a decorative frieze of camels festooning in front of a pure pale-turquoise sky." He began to walk up and down. "And yet, you know, if you try to give these people the thing as God gave it keyed down to their comprehension and according to the powers He has given you——"

"Modest man! Go on."

"Half a dozen epicene young pagans who haven't even been to Algiers will tell you, first that your notion is borrowed, and, secondly, that it isn't Art."

"This comes of my leaving town for a month, Dickie: you've been promenading among the toy shops and hearing people talk."

"I couldn't help it," said Dick, penitently. "You weren't here, and it was lonely these long evenings. A man can't work forever."

"A man might have gone to a pub, and got decently drunk."

"I wish I had; but I foregathered with some men of sorts. They said they were artists, and I knew some of them could draw—but they wouldn't draw. They gave me tea—tea at 5 in the afternoon—and talked about Art and the state of their souls. As if their souls mattered. I've heard more about Art and seen less of her in the last six months than in the whole of my life! Do you remember Cassaveti, who worked for some Continental syndicate, out with the desert column? He was a regular Christmas tree of contraptions when he took the field in full rig, with his water bottle, lanyard, revolver, writing case, housewife, gig lamps, and the Lord knows what all. He used to fiddle about with 'em and show us how they worked, but he never seemed to do much except fudge his reports from the Nilghai. See?"

"Dear old Nilghai. He's in town, fatter than ever. He ought to be up here this evening. I see the comparison perfectly. You should have kept clear of all that man-millinery. Serves you right; and I hope it will unsettle your mind."

"It won't. It has taught me what Art—holy, sacred Art—means."

"You've learnt something while I've been away. What is Art?"

"Give 'em what you know, and when you've done it once do it again." Dick dragged forward a canvas laid face to the wall. "Here's a sample of real art. It's going to be a fac-simile reproduction for a weekly. I called it 'His Last Shot.' It's worked up from the little water color I made outside El Maghrid. Well, I lured my model, a beautiful rifleman, up here with drink: I drored him, and I redrored him, and I tredrored him, and I made him a flushed, dishevelled scalawag, with his helmet at the back of his head, and the living fear of death in his eye, and the blood oozing out of a cut over his ankle bone. He wasn't pretty, but he was all soldier and very much man."

"Once more, modest child!"

Dick laughed. "Well, it's only to you I'm talking. I did him just as well as I knew how, making allowance for the slickness of oils. Then the art manager of that abandoned paper said that his subscribers wouldn't like it. It was brutal and coarse and violent—man being naturally gentle when he's fighting for his life. They wanted something more restful, with a little more color. I could have said a good deal, but you might as well talk to a sheep as an art manager. I took my 'Last Shot' back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely red coat without a speck on it. That's Art. I polished his boots—observe the high light on the toe. I cleaned his rifle—rifles are always clean on service—because that is Art. I pipeclayed his helmet—pipeclay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands, and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern plate. Price, thank heaven, twice as much as for the first, which was moderately decent."

"And do you suppose you're going to give that thing out as your work."

"Why not? I did it. Alone I did it in the interests of sacred, home-bred art and *Dickenson's Weekly*."

Torpenhow smoked in silence for a while. Then came the verdict, delivered from rolling clouds: "If you were only a mass of blathering vanity, Dick, I wouldn't mind—I'd let you go to the deuce on your own mahlstick; but when I consider what you are to me, and when I find that to vanity you add the twopenny-half-penny pique of a twelve-year-old girl, then I bestir myself in your behalf. Thus!"

The canvas ripped as Torpenhow's booted foot shot through it, and the terrier jumped down, thinking rats were about.

"If you have any bad language to use, use it. You have not. I continue. You are an idiot, because no man born of woman is strong enough to take liberties with his public, even though they be—which they ain't—all you say they are."

"But they don't know any better. What can you expect from creatures born and bred in this light?" Dick pointed to the yellow fog. "If they want furniture polish let them have furniture polish, so long as they pay for it. They are only men and women. You talk as though they were gods."

"That sounds very fine, but it has nothing to do with the case. They are the people you have to work for whether you like it or not. They are your masters. Don't be deceived, Dickie. You aren't strong enough to trifle with them—or with yourself, which is more important. Moreover—come back, Binkie—that red daub isn't going anywhere; unless you take precious good care, you will fall under the damnation of the check book, and that's worse than death. You will get drunk—you're half drunk already—on easily acquired money. For that money and your own infernal vanity you are willing to deliberately turn out bad work. You'll do quite enough bad work without knowing it. And, Dickie, as I love you and as I know you love me, I am not going to let you cut off your nose to spite your face for all the gold in England. That's settled. Now swear."

"Don't know," said Dick. "I've been trying to make myself angry, but I can't, you're so abominably reasonable. There will be a row on *Dickenson's Weekly*, I fancy."

"Why the Dickenson do you want to work on a weekly paper? It's slow bleeding of power."

### In other Counties.

Mitchael Leetze, an Italian, unnoticed by the train men, crawled under the local freight, while it was standing near Hawk Run, Clearfield county, on Wednesday night last, and when the train started he was run over. He was taken to the Philipsburg hospital about midnight. The physicians found it necessary to amputate the man's right leg at the knee and his left fore arm about the middle.

Some time ago George H. Conn, of Hyndmad. Bedfurd county, was arrested on the charge of drunkenness. He was placed in the lock-up, and, having no money to pay his fine, was forced to work it out by breaking stone on the streets. Conn has now brought suit against Policeman Sharp, who arrested him, and Burgess Kramer, who imposed the penalty, for $2,500 damages, and has retained counsel to push his claim.

Owen Davis, a well-known resident at the First ward, Johnstown, was instantly killed Thursday evening, shortly after 8 o'clock by a Cambria engine. Mr. Davis was employed as a watchman by the company. He was formely and for many years a miner. His hearing was not good and it ir supposed he neither heard nor saw the engine as he attemped to cross the track.

Jacob Rohm, proprietor of the flouring mills at Lycippus Westmoreland county on Thursday last died suddenly. He left the mill at 1 o'clock in the afternoon to get some eggs which were in the stable near by and had no sooner reached the building than he drooped dead. He was found several minutes later and carried to his residence, but the spark of his life had fled. His demise was due to heart disease. He was was aged about 70 years and leaves a wife and threechildren.

The success of Old Saul's Catarrh Cure induces imitations and there are many of them. Insist on getting Old Saul's and take no other or you'll get left. At all dealers for 25 cents.

If you want your baby to look bright do not put it to sleep with ladanum when restless, but use Dr, Bull's Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

### Coming Shamokin Fair.

Since the organization of the Shamokin driving park association, many successful fairs have been held, but the past will not equal the future one at the driving park opening September 8 and close on the 11th Many horsemen will be present from different parts of the country, and the exhibition by the noted equestrienne, Miss Myrtie Peek will eclipse all previous exhibitions ever given by any horseman. The association has been fortunate in securing Miss Peek and only did so at an enormous expense. The premiums offered are larger than ever before, and this alone is sufficient proof that the racing will be the finest. The park has undergone improvements and the thousands of people who flock to the races will find the best of accommodations. The people of Shamokin and vicinity realize the great attraction of the fair and are enthusiastic over the coming event.

### Thousands Were Present.

WILLIAMSPORT'I GROVE, August—27. To day was the biggest day of the week at the Patrons of Husbandry assembly. The heavy rain of last night seemed to have no effect upon the attendance. The number of people on the grounds is estimated at twentyfive thousand. A meeting was held in the auditorium and was addressed by Dr. John Trimble, secretary of the National grange; W. C. Gifford, master New York state grange, and S. R. Dowling, of the Pennsylvania state grange. The afternoon meeting in the auditorium was addressed by Hon. Mordmer Whitehead, lecturer of the National grange Rev. James Colder, of the Pennsylvania state grange, and J. T. Ailman lecturer of the state grange. The third meeting was held this evening and addressed by State Senator Loyd.

BE CAREFUL!

No matter what disease you may have. Be sure that the medicine you take is reliable. Such a medicine you will always find Sulphur Bitters. They are not a cheap rum drink, but are made of the choicest roots and herbs to be found in the vegetable kingdom.—*Daily Argus*

### Clearfield Beaten.

The Clearfield base ball team came to Bellefonte and played the home team on the glass works meadow grounds on Thursday afternoon. Game was called promptly at two o'clock p. m. Up to the fifth inning there was only one run scored by each club, but in the sixth, on account of an error the home team managed to get in three runs. The playing throughout was fair and at the ending of the game the score stood 7 to 6 in favor of Bellefonte, with their half of the ninth inning unplayed. The men composing the visiting team deported themselves with becoming dignity and their early return to Bellefonte would be greatly appreciated.

### Will Give Exhibitions of His Skill.

Mr. C. K. Sober. the champion fancy shot of America, has again been secured by the picnic management to give daily exhibitions of his skill, during the picnic in Grange Park in September next. Mr. Sober will be a great drawing card, and the manner in which he handles the gun never tires one in seeing. He is continually adding some new and different features to his already large programme, and for the picnic will make use of all.

—The A. M. E, Sunday school had a pleasant time at their picnic on Thursday, notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the weather in the morning.

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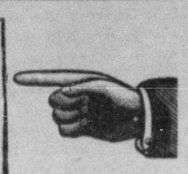

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INSTRUCTORS.

REV. J. P. HUGHES, principal, will have charge of the young men and boys in the main school room, teaching Natural Science Mathematics and Book-Keeping.

MISS JULIA L. REED, so favorable known among us, will take charge of the young ladies in the South wing teaching Geography, History, Grammar, Rhetoric and Literature.

MR. JAMES R. HUGHES, will control the classical room, teaching French, German, Latin and Greek.

MISS ANNA C. VALENTINE, a lady of culture, and of seven years successful experience in teaching children, will have the care of the primary room, in the north wing. She will give instruction in Elementary English and Mathematics.

MISS EMMA S. HUGHES will teach Instrumental music, and class singing and conduct the calisthenic drills in the Calisthenic Hall, on the second floor of the north wing.

Members of the instrumental class which will be limited may have the advantage of the drills in class singing and calisthenic exercises whether they are pupils in the other school departments or not. Inducements are offered those who wish to pursue special or advance studies in literature science or modern languages. Pupils residing out of town can secure student's tickets at reduced rates on all railroad running into Bellefonte, and the recitations of such scholars will be arranged to suit the railroad schedule. .36-30-4t

### Sentenced.

In court this morning sentences were pronounced as follows:

B. P. Swartz, forgery, one year in the penitentiary.

Wm Reymond, larceny, one year in the penitentiary.

Daniel Webster, colored, nine months in the county jail.

And the Hungarian one year.

### Aged 114 Years.

Dr. M. A. Holmes, of Waterville, aged 78, has a grandfather still living in England at the great age of 114 years. The latter is a surgeon by profession, and Dr. Holmes remembers that when a boy, over 60 years ago, he assisted his venerable ancester in the amputation of a soldier's leg.

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In addition to the above there are a variety of other desirable premiums, including an Open Face Gentleman's Gold Watch, which is offered to subscribers with the paper one year for $13.

The gentleman's $15 gold watch, and the ladies' $14.50, have beautiful hunting cases, warranted to wear 15 years, and are filled with the reliable Hampden movement. They cannot be bought at retail for less than from $25 to $35, but are furnished to our subscribers at the manufacturers' prices.

The sewing machine is our premium high-arm machine, and equals any $50 one before the public

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For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

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*Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.*

Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $1. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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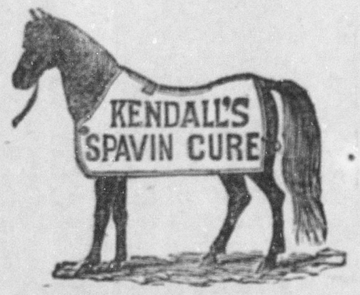
DOES CURE

CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

*Be sure you get the genuine.*




The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROCKTON, CONN., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

SIRS:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully, WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept, and the best he ever used.

Respectfully, OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, LA., May 8, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours, MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

TOBACCO

This standard brand of plug tobacco is acknowledged to be the best chew and the largest piece for the money in the market. *Vinco tin tag on each lump.* Its extensive sale for many years has established its reputation. There is nothing better. Try it. For sale by dealers and grocers.

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We furnish you employment at which you can make large profits. Persons of either sex, young or old, can live at home and make great pay in spare time or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time or give your whole time to the business. Nothing like it for workers. All who engage at once find it a perfect harvest of money. Grand outfit and terms free. Don't delay. Improve your opportunity now while you are young. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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IS WATERPROOF,
A HANDSOME POLISH,
A LEATHER PRESERVER.
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED.

Shoes can be washed daily.

Used by men, women and children.

Brother come out and let me be inside. Will my face and hands be red, too?

Of course they will sister, because Papa painted the window with

PIK-RON

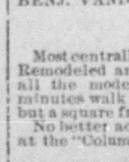
A PAINT THAT ONE CAN SEE THROUGH. TRY IT.

10c.—A BOTTLE—10c.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

$20 Favorite Singer Sewing Machine.

HIGH ARM $25.00.



Each Machine has a drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, with nickel rings, and a full set of Attachments, equal to any Singer Machine sold from $40 to $60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct of the Manufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warrantee for five years. Send for testimonials to Co-operative Sewing Machine Co., 269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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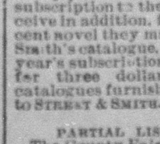
FOR MEN ONLY!

A GREAT BOOK FOR LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, Debility, Nervousness and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Premature Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust Manhood Fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely Infallible HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Sent FREE, Sealed, by Mail. Now in 68th Thousand. Illustrated. Best Medical Work ever published for the money. Only $1.00. Over 300 pages. Bound in beautiful French Morocco, Embossed, Full Gilt. Sent FREE to every Man who will send his address. Don't delay. Write to-day. Don't be humbugged by cheap, worthless trash. Send for this book and be saved years of misery. Illustrated Prospectus free. Sealed. Mention this paper. Descriptive book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Many little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio, have cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.

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No better accommodations in the city than at the "Columbia." f12

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

BOOKS GIVEN AWAY!

Who has heard of that popular old reliable story paper, Street and Smith's *New York Weekly*? For over thirty years it has been before the public, and during that time has always ranked as it does to-day first and best among the many story and sketch papers. It is not hard to tell the reason why. The best authors are engaged to write for it and the publishers spare no expense in procuring their masterpieces. Messrs Street and Smith, also issue some of the most popular copyright American novels in book form, and this year as a special inducement to the public they make the following

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Any person remitting $1.00 for four months subscription to the *New York Weekly*, will receive in addition, free of all expense, any 25 cent novel they may select from Street and Smith's catalogue, or any 5 novels and a full year's subscription to the *New York Weekly* for three dollars. Sample copies and catalogues furnished free upon application to STREET & SMITH, 31 Rose St., New York city.

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### ROADS

VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME c. 14, 1890.

| STATIONS | Dis | A.M | A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 4 40 | 9 15 | 4 20 |
| | 1.8 | 4 43 | 9 19 | 4 23 |
| | 5.9 | 4 46 | 9 22 | 4 26 |
| | 8.8 | 4 56 | 9 34 | 4 38 |
| | 9.9 | 4 59 | 37 | 4 40 |
| | 14.5 | 5 07 | 9 48 | 4 49 |
| | 17.7 | 5 14 | 9 56 | 4 55 |
| | 19.9 | 5 18 | 10 01 | 5 02 |
| | 20.8 | 5 25 | 10 12 | 5 19 |
| | 1.2 | 5 35 | 10 25 | 5 29 |
| | 23.5 | 5 48 | 10 35 | 20 |
| | 24.8 | 5 48 | 10 35 | 6 39 |
| | 25.5 | 5 56 | 10 48 | 5 41 |
| | 27.9 | 6 05 | 10 59 | 5 50 |
| | 27.5 | 6 14 | 11 09 | 5 59 |
| | 29.4 | 6 21 | 11 17 | 6 06 |
| | 28.7 | 6 28 | 11 25 | 6 13 |
| | 29.9 | 6 30 | 7 49 | 6 15 |
| | 30.3 | 6 33 | 11 22 | 6 19 |
| | 29.5 | 6 40 | 11 38 | 6 21 |
| | 31.2 | 6 44 | 11 43 | 6 29 |
| | 33.0 | 6 48 | 11 45 | 6 33 |
| | 34.8 | 6 55 | 11 55 | 6 40 |

| STATIONS | Dis | A.M | P. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| TYRONE | | 5 10 | 2 10 | 7 15 |
| East Tyrone | 1.3 | 5 17 | 2 17 | 7 22 |
| Vail | 3.1 | 5 20 | 3 20 | 7 28 |
| Bald Eagle | 5.9 | 5 25 | 3 24 | 7 33 |
| Dix | 8.9 | 5 30 | 3 29 | 7 39 |
| Fowler | 9.3 | 5 32 | 3 33 | 7 42 |
| Hannah | 10.6 | 5 36 | 3 37 | 7 46 |
| Fort Matilda | 12.9 | 5 43 | 3 44 | 7 55 |
| Martha | 17.3 | 5 51 | 3 52 | 8 05 |
| Julian | 23.5 | 5 59 | 4 01 | 8 15 |
| Unionville | 25.3 | 9 10 | 4 10 | 8 25 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 29.8 | 9 18 | 4 18 | 8 35 |
| Milesburg | 29.8 | 9 22 | 4 20 | 8 39 |
| BELLEFONTE | 33.2 | 9 32 | 4 30 | 8 49 |
| Milesburg | 33.2 | 9 47 | 4 49 | 9 01 |
| Curtin | 34.4 | 10 01 | 4 47 | 9 |
| Mt Eagle | 36.6 | 10 04 | 4 58 | 9 |
| Howard | 39.2 | 10 16 | 5 02 | |
| Eagleville | 44.4 | 10 26 | 5 19 | |
| Beech Creek | 45.9 | 10 38 | 5 16 | 9 45 |
| Mill Hall | 51.3 | 10 49 | 9 24 | 10 01 |
| Flemington | 52.5 | 10 54 | 9 25 | 10 05 |
| LOCK HAVEN | 54.3 | 11 00 | 5 36 | 10 10 |

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

| Westward Dis. | Stations | Dis. | Eastward A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| P.M A.M | | | | |
| 5 08 1 31 | SCOTIA | 25.6 | 9 23 | 4 47 |
| 5 25 10 24 5.8 | Fairbrook | 20.8 | 9 09 | 4 27 |
| 5 37 10 28 6.7 | Penns. Furnace | 18.9 | 8 56 | 4 15 |
| 5 44 10 34 10.6 | Hostler | 15.6 | 8 50 | 4 08 |
| 5 50 10 46 12.3 | Marengo | 13.9 | 8 43 | 4 01 |
| 5 57 10 52 13.5 | Loveville | 12.1 | 8 37 | 3 56 |
| 6 04 10 58 15.2 | Furnace Road | 10.4 | 8 31 | 3 49 |
| 6 08 11 02 15.8 | Dungarvin | 9.8 | 8 27 | 3 46 |
| 6 18 11 10 18.2 | Warriors Mark | 7.4 | 8 19 | 3 38 |
| 6 28 11 20 20.5 | Pennington | 5.1 | 8 10 | 3 29 |
| 6 40 11 32 23.5 | Stover | 2.1 | 7 58 | 3 1 |
| 6 50 11 40 25.6 | TYRONE | | 7 50 | 3 1 |

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.30 a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 2.29 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.30 p m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

| Dis. | Westward p.m. | | Eastward a.m. | p.m. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| .0 | 3.59 | 2.15 MONTANDON | 5.30 | 9.30 |
| 1.5 | 4.15 | 2.28 Ar. LEWISBURG Lv | 5.20 | 9.10 |
| 1.5 | 4.15 | 2.28 Lv. LEWISBURG Ar | | 9.10 |
| 5.4 | 4.39 | 2.55 Biehl | | 8.46 |
| 6.8 | 4.55 | 2.49 Vicksburg | | 8.31 |
| 10.7 | 5.05 | 2.59 MIFFLINBURG | | 8.21 |
| 13.1 | 5.32 | 3.57 Barber | | 8.36 |
| 15.2 | 5.58 | 3.03 Swengle | | 8.30 |
| 16.1 | 7.09 | 3.05 Millmont | | 8.27 |
| 13.6 | 7.08 | 3.14 LAURELTON | | 8.17 |
| 23.5 | 7.19 | 3.25 Pardee | | 8.06 |
| 28.9 | 7.33 | 3.39 Cherry Run | | 7.53 |
| 32.2 | 7.43 | 3.48 Paddy Mt. Tunnel | | 7.43 |
| 33.9 | 7.48 | 3.54 Ingleby | | 7.39 |
| 36.6 | 7.55 | 4.00 Coburn | | 7.30 |
| 39.6 | 8.01 | 4.08 Zerby | | 7.21 |
| 43.4 | 8.10 | 4.17 Rising Springs | | 7.12 |
| 46.2 | 8.18 | 4.25 Penn's Cave | | 7.05 |
| 49.2 | 8.24 | 4.30 CENTRE HALL | | 6.58 |
| 51.6 | 8.32 | 4.37 Gregg | | 6.51 |
| 54.6 | 8.37 | 4.43 Linden Hall | | 6.45 |
| 56.7 | 8.42 | 4.48 OAK HALL | | 6.38 |
| 58.3 | 8.46 | 4.52 LEMONT | | 6.34 |
| 60.2 | 8.51 | 4.57 Dale Summit | | 6.29 |
| 63.9 | 9.00 | 5.06 Pleasant Gap | | 6.19 |
| 65.2 | 9.04 | 5.10 Axeman | | 6.14 |
| 67.4 | 9.10 | 5.15 BELLEFONTE | | 6.10 |

CHAS E. PUGH, General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

| EASTWARD. | | | | WESTWARD | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No.6 | No.2 | Dis. | STATIONS | No.1 | No.5 |
| P.M | A.M | | | A.M | P.M |
| 6 24 | 9 10 | 18. | Ar. BELLEFONTE. Lv | 6 00 | 3 00 |
| 6 13 | 9 03 | 17. | Scales | 6 37 | 3 09 |
| 6 08 | 8 59 | 16. | Morris | 6 11 | 3 13 |
| 6 03 | 8 54 | 15. | Whitmer | 6 16 | 3 [illegible] |
| 5 59 | 8 51 | | Lingt | 6 19 | 3 23 |
| 5 57 | 8 48 | 12.5 | Hunters | 6 22 | 3 26 |
| 5 53 | 8 44 | 11.2 | Fillmore | 6 26 | 3 30 |
| 5 47 | 8 40 | 9.5 | Briarly | 6 32 | 3 36 |
| 5 43 | 8 36 | 8. | Waddles | 6 36 | 3 43 |
| | 8 33 | | Matterns | | 3 45 |
| | 8 25 | | Stormstown | | 3 53 |
| | 8 19 | | Red Bank | | 3 59 |
| 5 39 | 8 09 | 6.9 | Scotia Crossing | 6 46 | 4 09 |
| 5 24 | 7 25 | 2. | Krumride | 7 00 | 4 |
| 5 20 | 7 20 | 0. | Lv STATE COLLEGE Ar | 7 04 | 5 |

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.

Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th 1893.

WESTWARD

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL leaves | Philadelphia daily | 11 25 | p m |
| " | " Harrisburg " | 3 30 | a m |
| " | " Williamsport " | 7 10 | a m |
| " | " Jersey Shore " | 7 37 | a m |
| " | " Lock Haven " | 7 47 | a m |
| " | " Renovo " | 8 50 | a m |
| " | arrives Erie " | 3 40 | p m |
| NIAGRA EXP. leaves | Phil'a week days | 8 50 | a m |
| " | " Harrisburg " | 12 15 | p m |
| " | arrive at Williamsport " | 3 05 | p |
| " | " Lock Haven " | 4 10 | p m |
| " | " Renovo " | 5 15 | p m |
| " | " Kane " | 9 15 | p m |
| Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at | | 5 20 | p m |
| FAST LINE leaves | Philada. week days | 11 40 | a m |
| " | " Harrisburg " | 3 45 | p m |
| " | " Williamsport " | 7 10 | p m |
| " | arrives at Lock Haven " | 02 | p m |
| " | " Renovo " | 00 | p m |
| NEWS EXP. leaves | Philadelphia | 0 4 | a m |
| " | " Harrisburg | 79 | a m |
| " | " Williamsport | 11 10 | a m |
| " | arrives at Lock Haven | 12 10 | p m |
| WMSPORT EXP. leaves | Philadelphia | 4 [illegible] | m |
| " | " Harrisburg | 7 0 | m |
| " | arrive Williamsport | 11 | p m |

EASTWARD

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sea Shore EXP. leaves | L. Haven | 7 0 | m |
| " | " Snow Shoe | [illegible] | a m |
| " | " Williamsport | 10 a | m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 11 | m |
| " | " Philadelphia | 12 p | m |
| DAY EXP. leaves | Kane week days | 7 15 | a m |
| " | " Renovo | 10 05 | a m |
| " | " Lock Haven | 11 00 | a m |
| " | " Williamsport | 12 00 | m |
| " | arrive " Harrisburg | 4 00 | p m |
| " | " Philadelphia | 7 50 | p m |
| ERIE MAIL leaves | Erie daily | 3 25 | p m |
| " | " Renovo | 10 35 | a m |
| " | " Lock Haven | 11 20 | a m |
| " | " Williamsport | 12 25 | 6 m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 3 | 2 m |
| " | " Philadelphia | 7 50 | a m |
| RENOVO ACM leaves | Renovo w d | 4 30 | p m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 8 05 | p m |
| " | " Philadelphia | 4 25 | a m |
| WMSPORT EXP. leaves | Williamsport | 2 45 | a m |
| " | " arrives at Harrisburg | 5 20 | a m |
| " | " " | 7 00 | a m |
| " | " arrives at Philadelphia | 0 20 | m |

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R'y at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R.; and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON, General Agt.

# Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESSEE
Editor and Business Manager.


## Local Department.

—Oysters.

—Get registered.

—"The Bandit King."

—Tomatoes are cheap.

—Looks like more rain.

—The picnic season is over.

—Fall ploughing is in order.

—Pumpkin pie is now in order.

—Chestnuts will be plenty this fall.

—It is legal to shoot squirrel to-day.

—Have you had any fresh oysters yet?

—Two-thirds of 1891 is gone and no new railroad yet.

—Delaware peaches are a glut in Delaware markets.

—The last rose of summer will soon be blooming alone.

—There was frost up Buffalo Run on Saturday morning.

—The "Country Cousine" company will be in Lock Haven tonight.

—The old black delivery horse of the Eureka Grocery died of life on Tuesday and lay down and died.

—The funeral of Carl Crider occurred on Tuesday afternoon and was largely attended by sympathizing friends.

—Mr. Joseph McSully has been doing some artistic painting and frescoing in the interior of Garman's opera house.

—We acknowledge receipt of an invitation to attend a banquet to the press on Thursday during the granger's picnic.

—An impromptu social party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Axtell, on East Linn street on Saturday night.

—The Juniata Valley Editorial Association seems to have had an enjoyable time on the trip down to the Old Dominion.

Messrs George W. Fisher and Samuel Blackburn, two of Halfmoon's representative citizens, transacted business in Bellefonte to-day.

—This weather is cold enough for the beginning of November. It really is so chilly it makes one think of putting up the winter stove.

—The fog was that heavy this morning one could not see two squares ahead. Indeed, one was almost compelled to cut one's way through it with an axe.

—On July 31 a letter was mailed in Bellefonte for a party in Lock Haven. The letter reached its destination only last Saturday, August 29, after one month's delay.

—Owing to an ordinance recently passed by the borough of Centre Hall there fakirs unfurl their tents at the will likely be some fun when the grange picnic at Centre Hall.

—Mr. J. M. Harvey, the dairyman, came out on Tuesday morning in a brand new wagon. It is painted principally black with orange trimmings and presents a very handsome appearance.

—There is a dog somewhere on East Linn street which seems to take delight in howling apout ten o'clock every night. A little piece of cold lead, gently administred might have a soothing effect on the critter.

—Rev. T. B. Cross, of the Baptist church, has handed in his resignation to take effect on the first of November. Rev. Cross will go to West Warren, W. Va., on September 15th, to attend a union campmeeting.

—Some of the largest apples we have seen this year were brought into our office this morning by Mr. Isaac Haupt. There were smoe specimens which would measure seven inches in diameter and weigh almost two pounds.

—On last Tuesday Noah A. Yearick, son of Israel Yearick, of Nittany, while working in the woods at Beechwood, Cameron county, accidentally cut his foot very severely. He was brought home on last Saturday. The injury, though serious, is not dangerous.

—On Tuesday there was left at this office three potatoes raised by Mr. E. K. Keller, of near Boiling Springs. The specimens were of the Blue Victor variety and were some of the largest the writer has seen this year. And yet Mr. Keller says they were small compared to some, as he has potatoes that will weigh 4½ pounds each.

—The first Pennsylvania Cavalry will hold their annual reunion at Emporium, Cameron, county, on September 9th and 10th, and great preparations are being made to receive them. Among the distinguished people expected to be present on this occasion are exGovernor Curtin and Beaver, General Hastings, ex-Lieutenant Governor Stone and others.

—On next Sunday, September 6th, the society of Friends will hold their semi-annual meeting at their church in Halfmoon township. These meetings are generaly the occasion of a great gathering of persons of all denominations from within a radius of twenty miles, while members of the church attend from Unionville, Bedford and even Baltimore and Philadelphia.

## A POSTAL INQUIRY.

REPORTS OF THE CONDITION OF EVERY COUNTY POST OFFICE TO BE SENT TO WASHINGTON

Postmaster General Wanamaker has sent personally signed letters to the Postmaster at each county seat through the United States, asking him to make a personal visit to each post office in his county and make a detailed report of its condition. Following is the Postmaster General's letter;

"The great desire I have to improve the Postal Service leads me to ask your assistance in a plan to acquaint the Department with the condition of each post office in the United States. I am asking the Postmaster at each county seat to visit each post office within the county in which he lives to gather the information indicated by the questions enclosed. If for the sake of the service generally and the good of the offices of your county particularly you can help me I will be much gratified.

"Of course it will be best if you can make these visits personally, but, if not, your assistant can represent you, and that neither of you may be absent for any length of time consistently. I will not expect a report earlier than the 15th of October, though I would like it as soon as possible. If for any reason you cannot do this service will you promptly give me suggestions of how to get it done?

"I must explain to you that the Department has no means at its disposal to meet any expense, and that your work must be your voluntary offering for the good of the postal service, and it will be so recorded on the docket in this office. As it is at present organized without this help from you, the Department cannot make any general examination of the business of the offices, because the inspection division is fully occupied with cases of depredations, frauds on the Government and the public, inefficient services, missing mail matter, lottery, cases, etc.

I am persuaded that great good must follow proper efforts to encourage and instruct Postmasters by interchange of experience and opportunities to acquaint the Department with the wants of each locality. I would rather assist Postmasters by informing them of postal laws and regulations than censure them for neglect or failure.

I propose to give to each post office a standing on the records of the Department according to the marking you put on the accompanying paper. There will be five grade of office.

Perfect, Excellent, Good, Fair, Poor, and at the end of each fiscal year the Postmaster General will report to the President those who rate the highest for such honorable mention as he may see fit personally to make.

If we can all become better officials the country will quickly feel the effect of the improved service—however much we have done, there are none who cannot do still better. It is my purpose to find out and help each man who wants his town or neighborhood to have better postal facilities.

The following are the questions which the Postmasters are required to answer respecting each office:

1. Is the post office located conveniently for the people? If map of the town with location marked, or a picture of the building can be conveniently obtained it will be useful to the Department.

2. Is it within the 80-rod limit? If not, why could it not be so located?

3. Is the post-office well arranged, clean and orderly.

4. Are the books, accounts and reports kept properly and promptly written up?

5. Is the office used as a place for lounging?

6. State the time when the mails are received and dispatched.

7. Is notice of the lottery law posted where the public may see it?

8. Do the patrons of the office generally regard the postoffice as efficiently conducted?

9 Does the Postmaster study and understand the postal laws and regulations, and realize the responsibility and dignity of being an officer of the United States?

10. State how much time the Postmaster gives personally to the duties of the office; and if the work is done by proxy, who does it, and at what pay?

11. If the Postmaster has any other business or office, state it.

12. What improvements in the Postal Service for this locality have occurred since the present Postmaster was appointed?

13. State the names of and distances from your office to the four nearest post offices.

14. How can the service be improved, and what is the chief obstacle in the way of improvement?

15. At what distance from your office is the nearest telegraph office?

16. At what distance from your office is the nearest saving bank?

What marking will you give the Postmaster on the following basis:

1 means poor, 2 means fair, 3 means good, 4 means excellent, 5 means perfect.

The elements to enter into the rating are the following: Convenience of location of the office, cleanliness, order, keeping of the accounts, personal attention of the Postmaster, improvements in the service made during the last year, growth of the business in the past twelve months.

In his letter of introduction and authority furnished postmasters at county seats the Postmaster General says:

"This visit is for general inquiry and suggestion only, and is in no sense an inspection. The Postmaster General believes if all the officials of the Post Office Department will welcome closer connection with Executive Department in Washington, and that they will enter heartily into every measure to elevate and improve the service."

## HURRAH! HURRAH!

FOR GRANGE PARK, SEPT. 10TH, TO HEAR ST. JOHN.

MR. EDITOR:—It seems to me that the citizens of Centre county owe it as a duty to themselves, they who in round numbers gave a majority at the polls of 2,000 in favor of prohibition by constitutional amendments, seeing that their desires were so disgracefully thwarted by corruption and intrigue, to once more assert their approval of the righteous issue before the American people by rallying to the picnic at Grange Park, this county, on the 16th of September, at 3 o'clock p. m., and tender to ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, a noble reception; cheering him by their presence, and with pleasant greetings make him feel that he is not among strangers and foes.

Friends, we owe it as a duty to the officials who have the management of the meetings in hand, and, to the whole fraternity of the Patrons of Husbandry. Let us help make the occasion a grand success for the good of the present and coming generations.

Very sincerely yours,
J. Z. GLER.

## Have You Heard the Good News


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